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# The Guardian

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INTERNATIONAL  
NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Haunted by fame:

## Julie Christie on the curse of celebrity



Books

## Why did Gitta Sereny do it?

Edge of darkness:

## Will it be Bolton or Everton for the chop?



Saturday, page 13

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# Arms link crisis grows

Sandline puts Lloyd at risk of dismissal

Richard Norton-Taylor, Lucy Ward, and Owen Bowcott

**D**AMNING new allegations of official British complicity in covert and possibly illegal activities in Sierra Leone plunged the Government deeper last night into a drama which could claim at least one senior political figure.

Sandline International, the private "military consultants" at the heart of the affair, released an account of British involvement in February's counter-coup against the military junta in the West African state, threatening a crisis of confidence between the Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, and senior officials in his department.

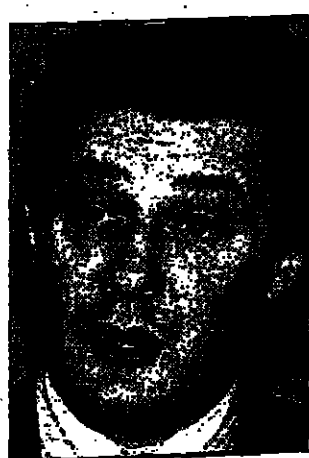
It released a four-page letter — sent to Mr Cook last month — naming senior officials at the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defence in support of its claim that its involvement was "with the full prior knowledge and approval of Her Majesty's Government".

The letter — which appears to reinforce claims that newly elected ministers were deliberately kept in the dark — also reveals that Sandline personnel were invited aboard the frigate HMS Cornwall off the Sierra Leone capital, Freetown, last May.

They were there to provide "tactical and operational advice" during the operation to restore the internationally recognised regime of President Ahmad Tejan Kabbah. Royal Navy engineers helped repair the firm's helicopter, Sandline alleged.

The letter, sent to Mr Cook by Richard Slowe, the company's lawyer, says that Sandline was initially approached by Mr Kabbah at the suggestion of Peter Penfold, Britain's high commissioner in the West African country.

Mr Penfold, it says, personally called at Sandline's Chelsea offices in January, a matter of weeks before "equipment" — 30 tons of arms and ammunition — was delivered to pro-Kabbah forces.



Lloyd: admission overtaken by latest revelations

The negotiations leading to the weapons delivery included "full briefings" of British and United States officials.

Those named in the four-page letter include Craig Murray and John Everard, respectively present and former deputy heads of the FO's Equatorial Africa Department. Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Hicks, British defence attaché in Sierra Leone, and Colonel Andrew Gale, the British military adviser to the United Nations special envoy to the country.

The Indian-born financier Rakesh Saxena, who first employed Sandline, to protect his Sierra Leone diamond interests, insisted last night that British officials were aware at the time of the firm's involvement.

Speaking from a remand prison in Vancouver, where he is fighting an extradition warrant, he said: "I'm sure that British officials knew that Sandline was involved in helping President Kabbah. People within the British and Nigerian governments knew."

Sandline, run by Lieutenant-Colonel Tim Spicer, a former Guards officer, is being investigated by Customs & Excise for possible breaches of UN sanctions against arms exports to Sierra Leone.

Mr Slowe told Mr Cook that it would be "inappropriate" for the company to co-operate with the inquiry. Customs actions, he said, were "at complete variance with the policy of Her Majesty's Government".

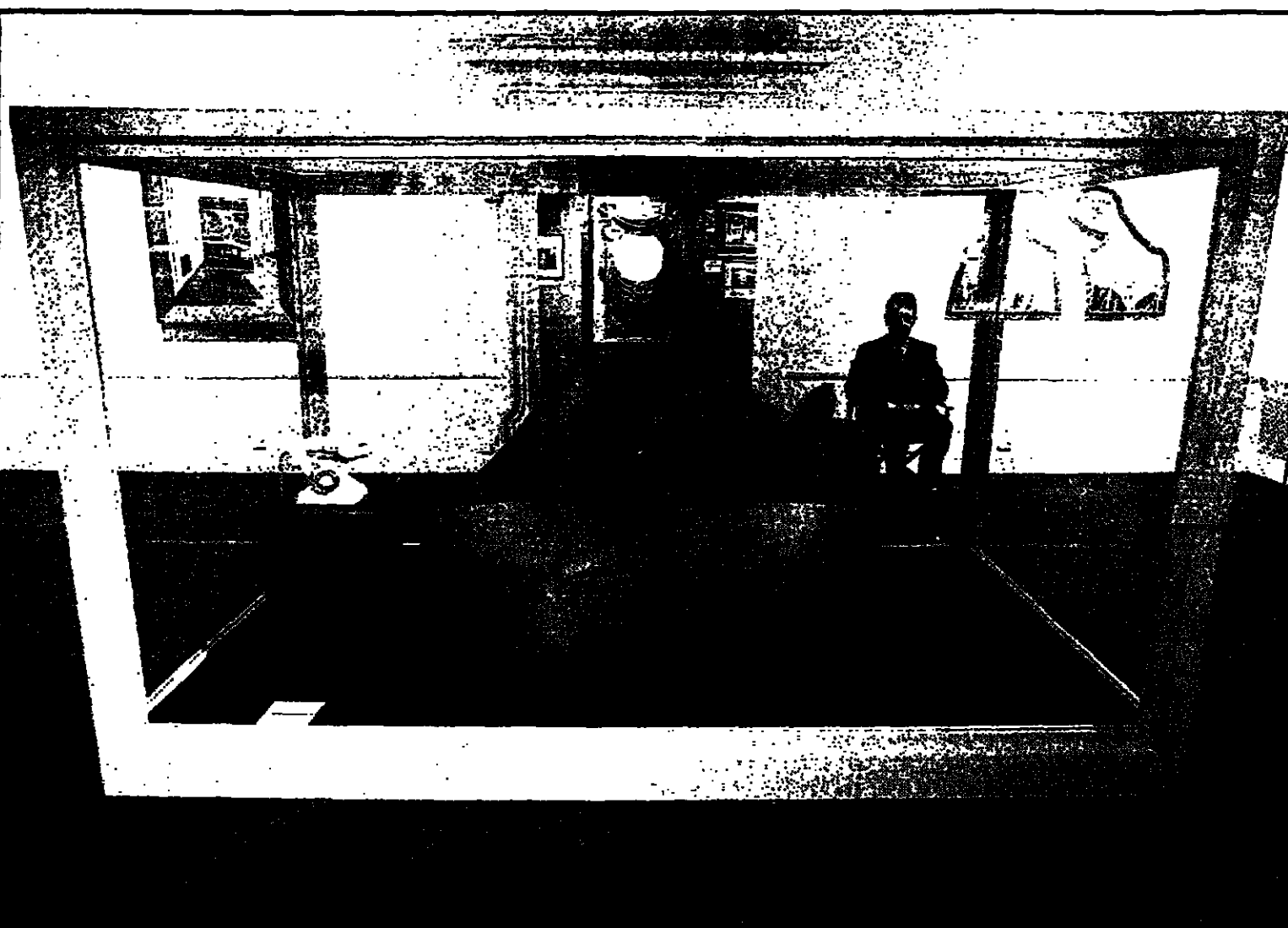
Many MPs believed last night that the company was determined to prove that its involvement was authorised. Whitehall will deny that. "Contacts do not imply what some people would like to claim, they do not imply authorisation," a well-placed source insisted.

Mr Slowe's letter was sent to Mr Cook and other ministers on April 24 — 12 days before Tony Lloyd, his minister responsible for Africa, attacked the Observer's initial reports of British complicity as "scurrilous".

The latest allegations overshadowed Mr Lloyd's admission earlier yesterday that there were "points to correct" in the briefing he gave the Commons foreign affairs committee on Tuesday — 24 hours before his boss made a full statement to MPs.

The US state department said an official told Sandline that "meeting with them did not endorse what they were doing".

## Mae and the lobster



Lobster Telephone and Mae West Lips Sofa, two works by Salvador Dali contained in an exhibition at Brighton devoted to works collected by Edward James (1907-1984), a notable patron of the arts and particularly of the surrealist painters

PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER BAMBER

# Police hunt armed ex-SAS doctor

Family under protection after nurse shot dead outside pub

Martin Wainwright

**P**OLICE across Britain were last night hunting a hospital doctor, said to be armed and dangerous, whose girlfriend was shot dead outside a pub in West Yorkshire.

Detectives took the unusual step of naming an anaesthetist, Thomas Shanks, aged 47, who served with the SAS and the Parachute Regiment before taking up a medical career, because of the need to protect the public after the killing of nurse Vicky Fletcher, 21, in Castleford. Armed police ringed two schools and several addresses in Birmingham yesterday, after Dr Shanks spoke to his former wife overnight on a mobile phone.

Julie Shanks, who teaches at one of the schools, and the couple's nine-year-old daughter, who attends the other, were taken into protective custody and other relatives

were moved to undisclosed addresses.

A national alert was also issued for the doctor's grey Peugeot 205, registration B661 QJW, which has vanished from Pontefract general infirmary where he and Ms Fletcher were colleagues.

Staff said that the pair had had a long-standing but "stormy" relationship, although Ms Fletcher moved out of the hospital to live on her own earlier this year.

Staff and customers at the Castlefields pub, a few miles from the hospital, described how Ms Fletcher had been shot on Thursday night after seeing the gunman's face at a window of the pub, where about 80 customers were marking landlord Steve Thackray's final night in charge.

Bullets smashed into the pub and car cases littered the pavement outside where Ms Fletcher was found lying in a pool of blood. Police sources said that she had



Thomas Shanks: 'long and stormy relationship'

climbed over railings after the first burst of gunfire but was cut down by a second burst as she tried to get back into the pub. She died early yesterday from multiple bullet wounds at the hospital where she had worked.

Mr Thackray said that bullets had smashed woodwork and mirrors in the pub after being fired through windows and the door.

"Vicky Fletcher went outside to meet him and then all hell broke loose. Shots were fired everywhere and everyone dived for cover. Everyone was shouting 'get down, get down'."

"She was outside on her own and the firing went on, then we saw the man casually walk back to his car, get into it and calmly drive away. We brought out as many bar towels as I could get my hands on and the quilt from my bedroom to try to stop the bleeding."

Det Supt Philip Johnston of West Yorkshire police said a large automatic weapon had been used. He said: "It is essential that we find Dr Shanks as soon as possible. If he is reluctant to get in touch with the police direct, then I would appeal to him to get in touch with someone he trusts who could make contact with us on his behalf."

Mr Johnston warned the public not to approach the wanted man could be armed and was potentially dangerous.

Ms Fletcher had trained at the hospital before starting as a state registered nurse last

September. She moved this year to live near her parents and teenage brother in Pontefract.

Dr Shanks, the son of a Glasgow sawmill labourer, moved to Pontefract in 1986 from Wolverhampton after his marriage break-up. The Defence Ministry said that he had served in the Army between 1968 and 1978, re-enlisting as a military doctor in 1983 and finally discharged in 1991.

Dr Shepherd says that many insects arrive in imports of food or other goods and have been in England for ages. They would die out but for the fact they have colonised centrally-heated buildings such as hospitals, factories and restaurants.

An example is the pharaoh ant. They carry diseases and cause food contamination. Another is the American cockroach. Its faeces can cause food poisoning.

## Bug alert as insects invade Britain

Paul Brown Environment Correspondent

**T**HEY are arriving by boat and plane, through the tunnel on lorries, and increasingly under their own steam, flying north across the Channel to take advantage of the summer climate of England — thought until recently to be too cold and damp for many creepy crawlies to survive.

Hover flies from the Mediterranean, the bee-wolf, a wasp that eats bees, and the geranium bronze butterfly from South America are extending their range.

Hornets, perhaps Europe's most feared stinging insect, which were once confined to southern Hampshire are now nesting as far north as Yorkshire and are expected soon to cross the Scottish border.

The big horror is the malaria-carrying mosquito. The experts believe it is now probably warm enough for some varieties of this scourge to survive and breed in Britain.

David Shepherd, an ecologist from English Nature, the Government's insect watchdog, said the public should be on the lookout for unfamiliar insects. They should be taken to a local wildlife trust or expert for identification. If action is taken quickly it might be possible to stop an invasion.

He said: "The spread of colonies of insects like these has got to be a bad thing. We do not know how they are going to affect our native fauna, or us. For instance, mosquitoes spread malaria and travel in the holds of passenger compartments of aircraft. They get off at Birmingham Airport, bite the next person they see, and they are stuck down with a tropical disease."

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# Black Death 'offers clue on AIDS'

David Brown

**S**URVIVORS of the 14th century Black Death apparently bequeathed to their descendants the ability to resist infection by the AIDS virus.

That is the conclusion of a team of scientists studying a rare genetic mutation that confers on its carriers protection against the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV), which causes AIDS.

Although the origin of the mutation is obscure, it appears to have suddenly become relatively common among white Europeans about 700 years ago — when

the epidemic of bubonic plague swept out of Asia and into Europe in 1346. "The chance of this gene randomly drifting up to its current frequency among white Europeans is unlikely," said Stephen J. O'Brien, a molecular biologist at the National Cancer Institute (NCI), who headed the research team.

The Black Death killed between one-quarter and one-third of Europe's population between 1347 and 1350.

All genetic mutations arise by chance. Some are neither immediately harmful nor beneficial. However, if a neutral mutation carries a hidden benefit, such as ability to resist a fatal infection, things

can change dramatically. Mr O'Brien, his NCI colleagues, J. Claiborne Stephens and Michael Dean, and their collaborators, believe this explains the relative commonness of a mutation called "CCR5-delta 32".

The mutation occurs in the gene for CCR5, a receptor on the surface of immune system cells called macrophages. People devoid of the receptor (which occurs when someone inherits the mutant gene from both parents) are essentially immune to HIV infection.

People with one mutant and one normal version can be infected, but tend then to survive longer than infected people with two normal CCR5 genes.

Like the AIDS virus, the bacterium responsible for bubonic plague also attacks macrophages. Yersinia pestis binds to their membranes and injects toxins into their interiors, disabling the cells' crucial role in marshalling the body's immune response.

What is unknown is whether the bacterium uses the CCR5 receptor in doing this.

"We're going to try to put this to the test," said Stanley Falkow, a microbiologist and plague researcher at Stanford University.

The paper outlining their hypothesis appears in this month's American Journal of Human Genetics.

— Washington Post

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# Carlton paid £5,000 to falsely accused 'dealer'

Kamal Ahmed, Michael Sean Gillard and Laurie Flynn report

CARLTON Television, maker of the drugs documentary shown to be a fake, was facing fresh embarrassment last night after it was revealed that the company had to pay £5,000 damages to a man they wrongly accused of supplying heroin.

Letters obtained by the Guardian reveal that Roger James, Carlton's former head of documentaries, was forced to apologise to David Tomlinson for creating a "totally misleading impression" during the programme, The Connection, broadcast on ITV in October 1996.

Having settled with Mr



David Tomlinson and his wife Tracy who claim he was set up by Carlton. The company paid damages. PHOTOGRAPH BY DON MURPHY

Tomlinson in December that year, Carlton then submitted to the Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence (ISDD) awards a cleaned up version without this libel. The company did not inform the ISDD, whose rules state only the broadcast version can be submitted.

ISDD executive director, Anna Bradley, said they were "deeply concerned" by the Guardian's investigation. "We will be consulting the judges about the appropriate course of action, one of which is to withdraw the award."

The connection, which won seven other international awards, purported to reveal a new heroin route from Colombia to London. The first time Mr Tomlinson knew that he was to be part of the documentary was when he watched the pro-

gramme with his pregnant wife on television. "I was absolutely shocked," he said. "We never, ever knew there was a camera crew. It was a set-up."

Mr Tomlinson was shown being arrested apparently for heroin dealing during a police raid on his house near Manchester. The police raid was accompanied by Carlton programme makers. The film showed Mr Tomlinson handcuffed to a chair and shoving his two-year-old son, Joshua, in front of him shouting "no" in the background.

The programme then cut to a bathroom scene where a police officer was seen from beneath the line floor. "Oh yes," the policeman is heard saying. "A fair whid here."

In fact, the bathroom was not in the Tomlinsons' house and no heroin was found there.

Mr Tomlinson was taken to a police station and cautioned for possessing a small amount of cannabis, which was found in a matchbox.

"I am writing to apologise to you for your inclusion in this programme and accept that any viewers who recognised you would have believed that you had been arrested for the possession of heroin and that you were dealing heroin," the letter from Mr James says.

"I fully accept that this impression was totally misleading and that it is not the case that you were either in possession of or were you dealing in heroin."

"In recognition of this we have agreed to pay damages

for the hurt to your feelings and in the hope that it will, together with this letter, compensate you for that hurt and help restore your reputation."

Carlton said they would not comment until the outcome of its investigation into the programme launched this week.

The film about Vietnam's environmental problems has been pulled in the wake of the Guardian's investigation. "I've confirmed it is also discussing re-editing of four other films made by de Beaufort for BBC World."

Leader comment, letters, page 8

# Brown speeds up debt relief

Mark Atkinson and Larry Elliott

GORDON Brown will today press the world's richest nations to back a British campaign to bring fast-track debt relief to seven African countries struggling to recover from the ravages of civil war.

The Chancellor is urging his fellow Group of Eight finance ministers meeting in London to short-circuit the lengthy International Monetary Fund (IMF) process for post-conflict countries seeking to escape the crippling burden of unsustainable debt.

"As long as the crippling burden of debt overhangs these countries, they can't begin to build the growth and social improvements that they need," Mr Brown told the Guardian in an interview.

The seven countries singled out for help are Rwanda, Burundi, Liberia, the two Congos, Sierra Leone and Somalia, all of which are struggling to repair their battered economies while at the same time servicing foreign debts.

Under the five-point British plan, countries would be speedily brought under the umbrella of the joint World Bank/IMF Heavily Indebted Poor Countries (HIPC) programme which provides debt forgiveness in return for economic reform.

This normally requires six years of good behaviour, but Mr Brown wants IMF post-conflict assistance to be confined towards the required track record of performance.

The HIPC initiative, cutting the waiting period by

Mr Brown is also urging the IMF to relax the financial terms of its emergency post-conflict assistance so that countries have longer to pay their debts. While this would provide short-term help, Britain also wants more vigorous action over the medium term to reduce the burden of debt servicing in the first three years, find a solution to mounting arrears and to provide IMF and World Bank support during the arduous economic reform programme.

In a paper presented at the summit, the Government says: "The international community should be prepared to

## 'Post-conflict countries need immediate help to rebuild institutions'

make a long-term commitment to help post-conflict countries transfer from war to peace. Past experience has shown that we are very bad at this.

"Whilst we can mobilise emergency aid in times of deep crisis, with few exceptions we have been less generous in helping rehabilitation, reconstruction and national reconciliation programmes."

"But post-conflict countries need immediate help to rebuild service, institutions and infrastructure if they are to break the cycle of poverty and conflict."

Jessica Woodroffe, of the World Development Move-

ment, said: "This proposal represents a flash of imagination in what may be an otherwise predictable discussion of debt issues. It is ridiculous to expect the poorest economies in the world to be able to make debt repayments at the same time as carrying out costly reform programmes, and a triumph of common sense to suggest debt repayments be put on hold."

Mr Brown's proposal for post-conflict countries is designed to build on the momentum created by the Mauritius Mandate, launched at last year's Commonwealth finance ministers conference, which called on the international community to ensure that all eligible poor countries should at least embark on the process of achieving a sustainable exit from their debt problems by 2000.

It also said that three-quarters of the countries should be half way through their stay-year period by the millennium.

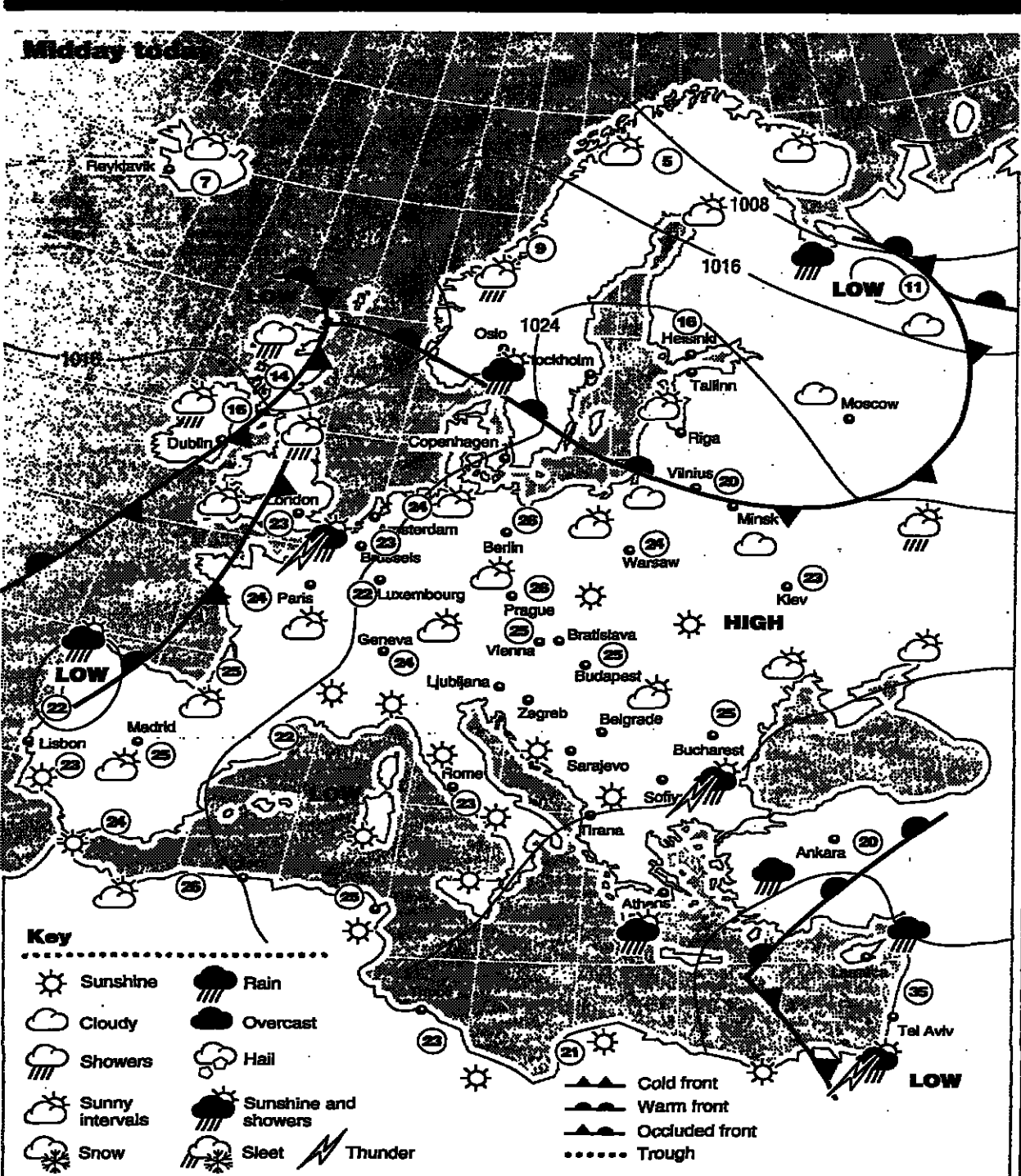
Mr Brown is confident that the Mauritius Mandate terms will form part of today's final communiqué.

Even if this is achieved, Ms Woodroffe said it would only be a "tiny step for mankind".

"The UK and French have taken a leadership role in the implementation of HIPC. The Germans appear to have dug their heels in against the initiative. The US appears willing to provide the funds, and are even willing to discuss interim funding, but they want to ensure that countries have to abide by the full six years of the World Bank/IMF reform programmes."

Lesson from outcasts, back pages; Notebook, page 11

## The weather in Europe



### Forecast for the cities

City	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
London	18-22	19-23	20-24	21-25	22-26	23-27
Paris	17-21	18-22	19-23	20-24	21-25	22-26
Berlin	16-20	17-21	18-22	19-23	20-24	21-25
Rome	15-19	16-20	17-21	18-22	19-23	20-24
Madrid	14-18	15-19	16-20	17-21	18-22	19-23
Amsterdam	13-17	14-18	15-19	16-20	17-21	18-22
Stockholm	12-16	13-17	14-18	15-19	16-20	17-21
Moscow	11-15	12-16	13-17	14-18	15-19	16-20
Warsaw	10-14	11-15	12-16	13-17	14-18	15-19
Vienna	9-13	10-14	11-15	12-16	13-17	14-18

### Around the world

City	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
London	18-22	19-23	20-24	21-25	22-26	23-27
Paris	17-21	18-22	19-23	20-24	21-25	22-26
Berlin	16-20	17-21	18-22	19-23	20-24	21-25
Rome	15-19	16-20	17-21	18-22	19-23	20-24
Madrid	14-18	15-19	16-20	17-21	18-22	19-23
Amsterdam	13-17	14-18	15-19	16-20	17-21	18-22
Stockholm	12-16	13-17	14-18	15-19	16-20	17-21
Moscow	11-15	12-16	13-17	14-18	15-19	16-20
Warsaw	10-14	11-15	12-16	13-17	14-18	15-19
Vienna	9-13	10-14	11-15	12-16	13-17	14-18

### European weather outlook

A frontal system will bring showery rain to southern Norway, northern Denmark and south-west Sweden. Elsewhere it will be mostly dry and bright with sunny periods. Max temp ranging from a cold 10C in the far north to a warm 21C in south-east Sweden.

Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland

Any early morning mist and low cloud will soon clear to leave pale blue skies and long spells of sunshine. It will soon become quite hot, although the high temperatures may set off isolated thundery showers in the Low Countries and over the western Alps. Max temp 23-27C.

France

A hot and sunny day with any early mist clearing to leave a good deal of sunshine, although isolated thundery showers will develop, especially this afternoon. Max temp 21-26C, but cooler in north-west Brittany.

Spain and Portugal

Most of the country will be dry with a fair amount of sunshine and it is going to turn out hot in many eastern and southern areas. Central and northern areas will have more cloud with the chance of a few sharp thundery showers, and cooling sea-breezes will affect the north coast. Max temp 22-29C.

Another sunny day with lots of blue sky and prolonged spells of hot sunshine. Max temp 23-29C.

Greece

Western Greece will be mostly fine with some warm sunshine, but most places will be cooler and more unsettled than recently with scattered showers and local thundery showers developing, especially on the mainland. Max temp 21-24C.

### Television and radio - Saturday

**BBC 1**  
8.00am The Muppet Show, 8.30am News, 9.00am The Muppet Show, 9.30am News, 10.00am The Muppet Show, 10.30am News, 11.00am The Muppet Show, 11.30am News, 12.00pm The Muppet Show, 12.30pm News, 1.00pm The Muppet Show, 1.30pm News, 2.00pm The Muppet Show, 2.30pm News, 3.00pm The Muppet Show, 3.30pm News, 4.00pm The Muppet Show, 4.30pm News, 5.00pm The Muppet Show, 5.30pm News, 6.00pm The Muppet Show, 6.30pm News, 7.00pm The Muppet Show, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm The Muppet Show, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm The Muppet Show, 9.30pm News, 10.00pm The Muppet Show, 10.30pm News, 11.00pm The Muppet Show, 11.30pm News, 12.00am The Muppet Show, 12.30am News, 1.00am The Muppet Show, 1.30am News, 2.00am The Muppet Show, 2.30am News, 3.00am The Muppet Show, 3.30am News, 4.00am The Muppet Show, 4.30am News, 5.00am The Muppet Show, 5.30am News, 6.00am The Muppet Show, 6.30am News, 7.00am The Muppet Show, 7.30am News, 8.00am The Muppet Show, 8.30am News, 9.00am The Muppet Show, 9.30am News, 10.00am The Muppet Show, 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## How football icon was nearly melted down



The dog who saved the day... Pickles with owner Jeanne Corbett in the south London garden where he unearthed the World Cup

# They thought it was all over . . .

Files reveal how World Cup was held to ransom and a canine sleuth saved the day, writes Alan Travis

THE full story behind the theft of the World Cup in 1966 and how a pet dog called Pickles famously succeeded where Scotland Yard's Flying Squad failed, is revealed in recently released state papers.

The theft of the Jules Rimet trophy from a stamp exhibition in London where it was on display caused a sensation and left the Metropolitan Police a laughing stock around the world.

But what did not come out at the time was that a Flying Squad detective in a bizarre undercover operation almost managed to recover the international trophy two days before the intrepid mongrel Pickles found it under a bush in a south London garden.

Nor did the fact that the thief, Edward Betchley, threatened to melt down the cup if the Football Association did not hand over £15,000. The trophy was stolen from a showcase at a Stanley Gibbons exhibition at the Central Hall, Westminster, on March 20, 1966. The Football Association

had lent the cup to the stamp company so they could display it as an added attraction.

The Metropolitan Police files, closed for the past 30 years, reveal that although the trophy was insured for £30,000, it was only worth £3,000.

The thief got into the exhibition hall through a locked back door by unscrewing a brass doorplate and forced open the back of the showcase by removing a padlock. He was left undisturbed by the two private security officers from Alsa-Guards, who respectively were drinking coffee and visiting the toilet.

Joe Mears, who was chairman of both the Football Association and Chelsea Football Club, later that day got a brief phone call: "There will be a parcel for you at Chelsea Football Club tomorrow. It'll be of interest to you. Follow the instructions inside," said the voice before ringing off.

The package soon arrived and it contained the top part of the World Cup and the ransom note demanding £15,000

to be paid in £5 and £1 notes. The thief said that as far as he was concerned, "this cup is only so much scrap to me... If I don't hear from you by Thursday or Friday at the latest I assume it's one for the pot."

Fifteen minutes after he got the parcel, Mr Mears answered a second phone call. "Have you got the parcel?" asked Betchley, who gave his name as Jackson. "Yes," "I have changed my mind. I want fives and tens," he said. "You give me £15,000 on Friday and a cab will deliver the cup to you on Saturday morning."

Mears did not heed his warning not to go to the police. He took the parcel to the FA's Lancaster Gate offices and was put in touch with Detective Inspector Charles Buggy of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad, who told him to agree to pay the money when "Jackson" called.

Barclays Bank was asked to make up several envelopes to represent the £15,000. Amazingly, Scotland Yard told the bank to stuff the envelopes with ordinary paper and to use only two real £5 or £10 notes at each end.

On the Friday, Mr Buggy and Detective Sergeant David Wilson went to Mr Mears's home in Fulham Road with

the "money" in a briefcase. It was decided that Mr Mears would pretend to be confined to his bed with angina and could not come to the phone the next time "Jackson" called.

When the call came Mrs Mears told the thief that her husband was ill but that a trusted friend, a Mr McPhee, would act for him and do any necessary business.

Betchley prevaricated, but eventually agreed and arranged to meet "McPhee" in Battersea Park. Mr Buggy drove to the park in Mr Mears's brown Ford Zodiac. Sergeant Wilson and a woman detective constable were posted to act as a "courting couple" so they could witness the meeting.

The thief wanted to see the money and after a quick glance in the briefcase, admitted he had sent the parcel and told "McPhee" to drive them both to St Agnes Place, in Kennington, south London.

But Betchley soon became suspicious of a Flying Squad van that was trailing the Ford Zodiac.

Mr Buggy, who was driving, managed to lose the van but when they arrived at St Agnes Place the Flying Squad van also arrived "at an inopportune moment". Betchley jumped out of the car and

made off across some back gardens. The police caught him, but he never told where the cup was.

Over the next 48 hours the police visited every known associate of Betchley, but the cup eluded them. It was not until Sunday evening, March 27, that Pickles, the pet of David Corbett, of Benliah Hill, Upper Norwood, found a parcel under a bush in his garden. It was the World Cup, completely undamaged. Mr Corbett took it to Norwood police station, where he claimed the £3,000 reward.

As the official files note, the theft turned Scotland Yard into an international laughing stock. "Many adverse comments were made about the Metropolitan Police and it was assumed in foreign countries that the police had actually been guarding the cup."

Despite the ridicule, Mr Buggy and Mr Wilson were both officially commended for their roles.

For his part, Betchley pleaded guilty when he appeared at the Old Bailey and was jailed for two years.

Dear Joe

21 st March

I know doubt you view with very great concern the loss of the world cup to me it is only so much weight in scrap gold so if you want to see it again I suggest you do as I say and follow my instruction

first if the press or police are informed of this, this cup will go into the melting pot admitted I only got a fraction of the money I want but I shall be safe and you lose the cup forever but if you are willing to pay me \$815,000 in £5 and £1 pound notes you shall have your cup back and you will be satisfied and so will the rest of the world.

If you agree with this follow these instructions

Insert in Thursdays Evening News Personal Column. Willing to do business signed, Joe.

second contact will be by phone to Chelsea F.C.

Find enclosed top of World Cup, to prove genuine.

IS THERE ONCE AGAIN THAT THIS CUP IS ONLY SO MUCH SCRAP TO ME AND BEHOLD AND DO NOT INFORM PRESS OR POLICE.

It would be a great pity to destroy this cup in view of its great history and beauty it portrays.

If I do not hear from you by Thursdays or Friday at the latest I assume its one for the pot.

The ransom note the thief sent to the Football Association and (below) police return the cup to safe custody



## Beatles win a hard day's legal fight

Judge rules all copies of 1962 recording must be handed back

Don Gislebert  
Arts Correspondent

THE Beatles-for-sale court case ended yesterday when a High Court judge ruled that a recording of the band made in 1962 could not be released.

The case, during which 54-year-old former Beatle George Harrison took the stand, pitted the might of the Beatles, Apple Corps, EMI and Capitol records against Linson Music Ltd and the man who made the recording on the night of the Beatles' last appearance at the Star Club Hamburg, Edward Taylor.

Taylor, the leader of King Size Taylor and The Dominos, the band sharing the bill with the Beatles that night, claimed John Lennon had given him permission to record the Beatles

on a reel-to-reel tape.

But Harrison and the remaining Beatles, along with Yoko Ono, argued no such agreement had been reached, and that the recording should be returned to the band. At the time, the Beatles were signed to EMI and were enjoying their first chart success with Love Me Do.

Giving a short ruling, Mr Justice Neuberger praised the evidence given by Harrison. The former Beatle explained that while Lennon was often the dominant member of the band, there was a democratic structure. "One drunken person recording another bunch of drunks does not constitute a business deal," he told the court.

Mr Justice Neuberger said Harrison's evidence was "convincing" while Edward Taylor, who gave evi-



George Harrison: his evidence was praised

dence on Thursday, was "confused" and "incoherent".

The judge ordered that all copies of the recording be handed over to the Beatles' solicitors, and that the group should be paid their legal costs and damages to be assessed at an inquiry.

There had been various

attempts to exploit the recording. It was initially offered to the Beatles' then-manager Brian Epstein for £20,000. It was later offered to the Beatles' company Apple Corps, which also refused. Parts of the recording, which Harrison described as the "crummiest" recording of the band, surfaced on an album released in 1977. At that time injunctions to stop sales of the album were refused by the High Court.

The present action was brought under the 1989 Copyright Act.

The band's solicitor, Nicholas Valner, of Frere Cholmeley Bischoff, said: "The law has changed materially since 1977, and now artists have greater rights to prevent the unauthorised manufacture and sale of the works, including live recordings."

Lingsong Music Ltd agreed to abide by an injunction stopping the sales and to hand over the original tape.

I began to see her strategy for dealing with irksome interviewers. Her film-star celebrity was of no interest but it did give her access to the media. Her clear duty, therefore, was to use it as an outlet for issues which otherwise might not get aired.

Ian Hamilton meets Julie Christie

Saturday page 13

THE EDINBURGH RESIDENCE

STEP OUT AT  
THE EDINBURGH  
RESIDENCE

(And enter a different world)

NOW I KNOW I've found somewhere to stay in  
Edinburgh as special as the city itself. Timeless, elegant,  
inspiring... and a place I want to return to, year after year.

In this exquisite mansion, I can relax, feel at home,  
be myself. This is my sanctuary. I'm often in Edinburgh,  
yet tired of hotels. So for me, a time ownership suite here  
was a natural choice.

It's full of beautiful things... fresh flowers, an antique  
bed, a wonderful Victorian claw-foot bath.  
And I can divide my purchase into two  
separate breaks. So I'm free to enjoy my  
suite, and all that Edinburgh has to offer,  
whenever I want...

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The Edinburgh Residence, or for more information, please  
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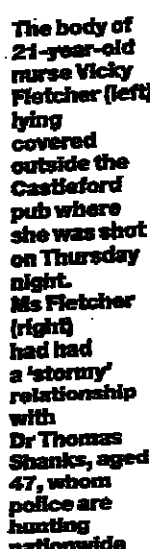
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Full written information is available from the above address.



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# 'Master idiot' did not know Picasso was in suitcase

Duncan Campbell  
Crime Correspondent

**T**HE man accused of conspiring to handle a stolen Picasso described himself yesterday as behaving like a "master idiot" rather than a "master criminal". He told a jury he had been "patsy" who had acted as a go-between out of misguided loyalty.

Peter Scott, aged 67, from Islington, north London, who has written his cat-burgling memoirs under the title of *Gentleman Thief*, told Snaresbrook crown court in east London that he was innocent of the crime although he had behaved unwisely.

"I wasn't a player, I promise you," he said. "I had spent 10 years putting my life together and I was suddenly in the middle of a scenario not of my own making... It was like a bloody nightmare."

Scott denies conspiring to handle the £250,000 Picasso painting which was stolen from the Lefevre gallery in Mayfair, central London, in March 1997 by a young man who cannot be named for legal reasons.

Scott admitted carrying a suitcase given to him by the man but said he did not know it contained a stolen painting.

Yesterday details of Scott's interview with the police after his arrest last year were read to the jury.

He had quoted to officers

the WE Henley poem, *Invictus*:  
*In the fell clutch of circumstance,  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.*

*Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.*

He had also told detectives: "The kindest thing you can say is that I'm an elderly lunatic."

Yesterday Scott told the court his first conviction was in 1950, and he had spent 12 years behind bars. But he had renounced crime 10 years ago and had lived in a council flat on a pension and made some money coaching tennis and through journalism. His book, he said, had not made much money. "It was a sort of confession, purging myself, thinking I'd escaped the system but it doesn't seem that I have."

He said he had become a "surrogate father" to a troubled young man whom he coached at tennis. The young man, a Buddhist and admirer of Nietzsche, who wanted to be a writer, had not arrived for a tennis lesson one day and Scott had gone at his request to his home in Richmond, south-west London. (The young man had given him a suitcase and asked him to take it to Ronald Spring, a former lawyer and mutual acquaintance.)

When he asked the young man what was in the case, he

had replied: "A painting, of course."

Spring has already pleaded guilty to playing a part in the crime and has given evidence against Scott.

Scott said he had given Spring the suitcase unaware of its contents. "I was acting as a messenger boy. I didn't know it was a Picasso. I didn't even know it was stolen."

It was only later when he heard about the Picasso robbery on the radio that he realised the case might have contained the stolen painting, he told Helen McCormack, defending.

Cross-examined by Andrew Campbell, prosecuting, Scott said he had been described as a master-criminal. "I must have been a master-idiot that night... I came along as a late player. I'm a professional elderly patsy."

Spring had given evidence against him in order to minimise his own role, he said. He had not helped the police trace the robber of the painting, he admitted. "That comes from a lifetime of perhaps misguided loyalty," he said.

The case continues.



Peter Scott leaving Snaresbrook crown court yesterday where he denies a charge of conspiring to handle a stolen painting. The former convict told the jury he had spent 10 years distancing himself from his criminal past.

PHOTOGRAPH: TIM WHITEY

## Singing out for Israel - and for gays



David Sharrock

**S**HE wears a feather jacket and is said to represent two nations - Israel and gays - but tonight Europe will find out whether Dana International (above) can actually sing.

Born Yaron Cohen, Israel's entry in the 43rd Eurovision Song Contest in Birmingham wants to become the first transsexual to take the crown in its 43 years.

Amos Oren, writing in the mass circulation Yediot Aharanot, said: "As a reporter who has covered a large number of Eurovisionists in the past, I can say - with wonder and pride - that I cannot recall anyone being flattered with so much attention in the past."

Dana might seem an odd choice, given Israel's macho culture, but gender hostilities have been suspended for the duration of the concert at least, because back home Dana is in the forefront of the shock troops in the "culture war" that is growing daily between secular and religious society.

In spite of Israel's conviction that it is about to win its first Eurovision in more than 20 years, the bookies' favourite is British entry Immani.

William Hill places her as the favourite at 5-2, followed by Belgium's Melanie Cohl at 5-1. Germany is third.

Vote-rigging allegations have prompted punters to put huge bets on Germany's entry, said William Hill, which has been forced to slash odds on Guldio Horn and the Orthopaedic Stockings after bets of up to £740 were laid.

Gamblers put their money on the German contenders after stories that followers of the group were planning to fiddle the phone poll, but a BBC spokeswoman for the contest said manipulating the voting system would be almost impossible.

According to Israel's Eurovision reporters, Dana has been mobbed whenever she has appeared in public in Birmingham. Attending a civic reception hosted by the lord mayor, she finally grew tired of the curiosity and retreated to a city centre McDonald's for a hamburger.

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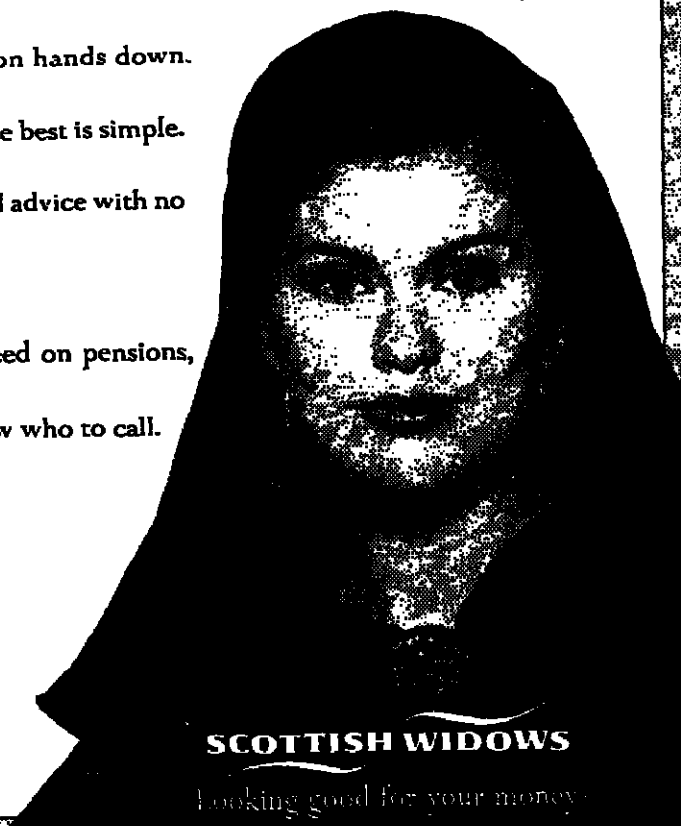
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## Bullets mar bishop's funeral

Richard Galpin in Islamabad on the mourning of a martyr

**P**AKISTANI police opened fire on a crowd of predominantly Christian mourners outside a cathedral in Islamabad yesterday after the funeral of a senior Catholic bishop who committed suicide in protest at blasphemy laws.

Witnesses said many of the mourners took cover in the cathedral in Islamabad. Several people, including a young girl shot in the stomach, were taken to hospital.

The city's superintendent of police, Milan Asif, said his men were told to fire over protesters' heads, but that two officers who had been hit by stones had fired directly at demonstrators against orders. The police used tear gas as the crowd, which officers said was chanting anti-government slogans, threw stones and overturned cars. Paramilitary forces and armoured vehicles were later deployed.

Earlier thousands of

mourners, including many Muslims, had attended the funeral of Bishop John Joseph, who shot himself on Wednesday in protest at the sentencing to death of a young Christian man for blasphemy.

Mourners gathered in Joseph's home village of Khushpur to pay their last respects to a bishop who devoted much

**'He gave his own blood to save those accused of blasphemy'**

of his life to campaigning against blasphemy laws which religious minorities say are often used to discriminate against them in the overwhelmingly Muslim country. Among the mourners was the Vatican's ambassador in Pakistan, Renzo Fretini, who



Christians in Karachi yesterday demand the repeal of Pakistan's blasphemy laws. The laws and their part in the persecution of minorities led Bishop John Joseph, above left, to take his own life in protest. MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: SAIED AHMAD

stood with senior members of the Catholic and Protestant clergy as well as leading human rights campaigners and representatives of non-government organisations.

"Bishop Joseph sacrificed his own life as Jesus Christ did for the salvation of others," Father Emmanuel Asif of Lahore told the congregation. "He gave his own blood to save those accused of blasphemy who are innocent and yet who are convicted."

Despite requests by the bishop's family that he be buried in his home village, the crowd took the body in a large conveyer to Islamabad where a second funeral service is due to be held in the cathedral tomorrow.

In a letter last month he wrote about giving the authorities an ultimatum to repeal the blasphemy laws, with a threat to stage a demonstration which would "astonish the government".

In a letter to a national

newspaper earlier this week he wrote that Christians and Muslims should work together to have the laws repealed, without worrying about the sacrifices. "Dedicated people do not count the cost," he wrote.

The blasphemy conviction of Ayub Masih at the end of last month seems to have convinced Joseph to take drastic action. On Wednesday, after leading a protest march, he walked up to the court in Bahawal which had sentenced Masih to death, and shot himself in the head.

"This was really a gesture of absolute desperation," said Asma Jahangir, the head of the Human Rights Commission of Pakistan. "The time has come when people are taking desperate measures because of this blasphemy law. People are living in constant fear that they will be trapped by it — because once you come under it, there's no way of getting out."

The court heard that Masih told Muslim neighbours they should read The Satanic Verses, written by Salman Rushdie, "so that they would know that the religion of their Holy Prophet was false".

**'If we amend the law, we will go back to the law of the jungle'**

Joseph was convinced Masih was innocent and that the charges had been concocted by the neighbours, who were involved in a property dispute with his family. Human rights lawyers say that the law, being broad, ill-defined and carrying a man-

datory death sentence, is frequently abused. But Christians — who number some 3 million in a population of 130 million — hope the bishop's death will jolt the government into amending the laws.

"Bishop Joseph was our great leader," said Brother Zafar Daud, a close colleague. "His death cannot bring any change then we have no hope."

But the government says it has no plans to repeal the law. "If we amend the law, we will go back to the law of the jungle where people take the law into their own hands," said the religious affairs minister, Mohammed Zafar-ul-Haq. "At least at present the accused can defend himself in court and in many cases people have been set free on appeal because of lack of evidence."

So far no one in Pakistan has been executed for blasphemy. Masih is preparing to appeal for his life.

## Tehran mayor gets green fingers burnt

Julian Borger in Tehran

**H**E IS the man most widely tipped to become Iran's next president. A former cleric with a mathematics degree who exchanged his mullah's robes for a mayoral chain, he has masterminded the greening of Tehran and has gone to jail for his unorthodox methods. If he can survive the conservative backlash, Gholamhossein Karbaschi could well conquer the Islamic Republic with flower-power.

In the mayor's nine years in the job, Tehran has metamorphosed from a congested, polluted third-world conurbation to a city dotted with parks, flowerbeds and fountains, its traffic loosened by a Western-style park-and-ride system. All this with a balanced budget and no subsidies.

The 45-year-old mayor's success in transforming the capital (and his previous fiefdom, the historic central city of Isfahan), has cemented his popular base. When the conservative-dominated judiciary jailed him last month on charges of embezzlement and mismanagement — in what most analysts interpreted as a politically motivated assault on reform — the public outcry and President Mohammed Khatami's support forced the mayor's release on bail. But he still faces trial.

If Iran's reforms go on, Mr Karbaschi "could well be president in two terms," after Khatami," said Hadi Semati, a political analyst at Tehran University. "But it depends how the trial goes. If he has a criminal record, that could be grounds for disqualification."

The Karbaschi affair has also become a trial of the reform process, not just because the mayor is a big supporter of the president. His political journey since being jailed under the Shah — and then becoming one of the 1979 revolution's most fervent commissars, as chief of ideology in broadcasting — parallels the path taken by reformist ayatollahs.

It was his experiences as an administrator that appear to have softened him. He reasoned that people needed and deserved things of beauty on earth as well



Gholamhossein Karbaschi, criminal conviction could prevent political rise

as in heaven," one of his aides said. But Mr Karbaschi's green policies have involved systematic rule-bending. On his release last month, he publicly admitted "there exists the possibility of a flaw" in the municipality's management.

One of the charges he will probably have to face is that he permitted Tehran's property owners to build high-rise apartment blocks in return for hefty payments into the city's coffers, or donations in kind. The mayor's press spokesman, Mehdi Jamali, said this was how so much of the city was turned green so quickly. "We told the landowners, 'Yes, you can build, but first give us part of your land for a park or a sports centre'."

Then there is the question of the gold coins. Several of Mr Karbaschi's aides were recently detained — after severe beatings on the soles of their feet — admitted knowing of irregular payments of Persian gold coins to senior municipal officials.

The coins are said to have been part of a performance-related incentive scheme, but such practices have left the mayor vulnerable before a strict Islamic court of law.

Some diplomats believe that President Khatami may succeed in postponing the trial for weeks if not months. But the moment Tehran's mayor goes to court, the moment of truth for Iran's experiment in green democracy will have arrived.

## Israel calls off US peace summit

David Sharrock in Jerusalem

**T**HERE will be no Middle East peace summit in Washington on Monday. Talks in Israel between the United States special envoy, Dennis Ross, and the prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, failed yesterday to break a 14-month impasse.

But Mr Ross will stay in the country over the weekend, leaving the door slightly ajar for a future summit as President Bill Clinton tries to revive the moribund peace process.

"It's quite obvious we won't be able to reach an agreement by Sunday, which means we won't be able to be in Washington on Monday," said Mr

Netanyahu's senior aide, David Bar-Ilan.

At the heart of the US plan is an Israeli troop withdrawal from 13 per cent of the West Bank. A Netanyahu adviser, Danny Nayeh, told Israel Radio: "The very proposal of being spoken of a scope of 13 per cent redeployment, are not acceptable to the government of Israel, for the very reason that it doesn't fall into line with the security needs of the state."

"Such an important decision, on an issue so vital to our future, cannot be made with someone standing over us with a stopwatch."

The US secretary of state, Madeleine Albright, made the offer formally to Mr Netanyahu in London last Tuesday. The Palestinian Authority

president, Yasser Arafat, immediately accepted what was significantly less than the 30 per cent Israeli withdrawal for which he had hoped.

Factions within Mr Netanyahu's rightwing coalition have threatened to bring down his government if he accepts the US plan. But if he does, he has the incentive of talks then moving immediately to "final-status negotiations" dealing with outstanding issues such as refugees and Jerusalem — something for which Mr Netanyahu has long been calling.

Mrs Albright dispatched Mr Ross to Jerusalem after Mr Netanyahu asked for further consultations ahead of a crucial Israeli cabinet meeting tomorrow. After yesterday's failed meeting, the

prime minister's aides said the 13 per cent redeployment was not on the cabinet's agenda.

Palestinian officials yesterday said they had been told that the Americans were prepared to give Mr Netanyahu another seven days in which to accept the offer, suggesting that Washington believes he needs more time to persuade his government partners that the proposal is in the interests of the state.

Mr Netanyahu publicly offered a withdrawal from 9 per cent of territory, and privately went as high as 11 per cent. Opposition politicians have attacked him for throwing away the opportunity to go to final-status talks because of just 2 per cent of the West Bank.



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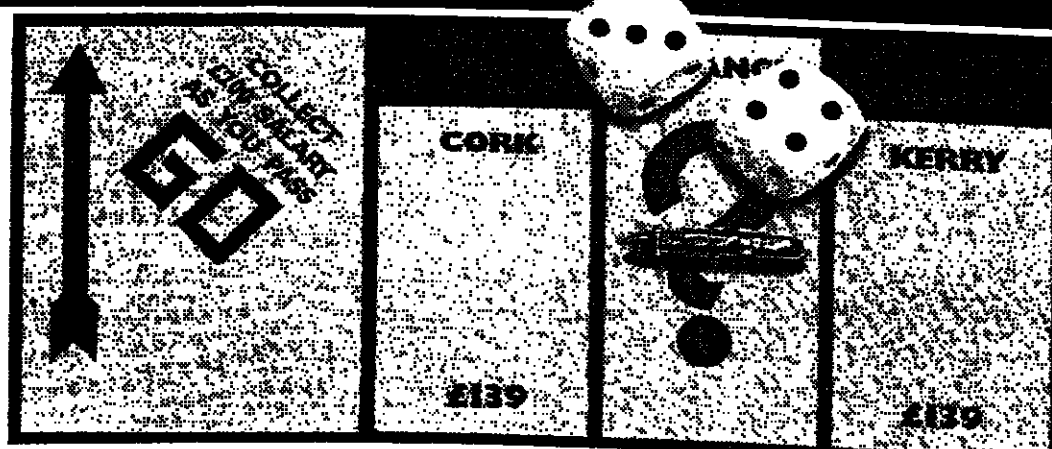
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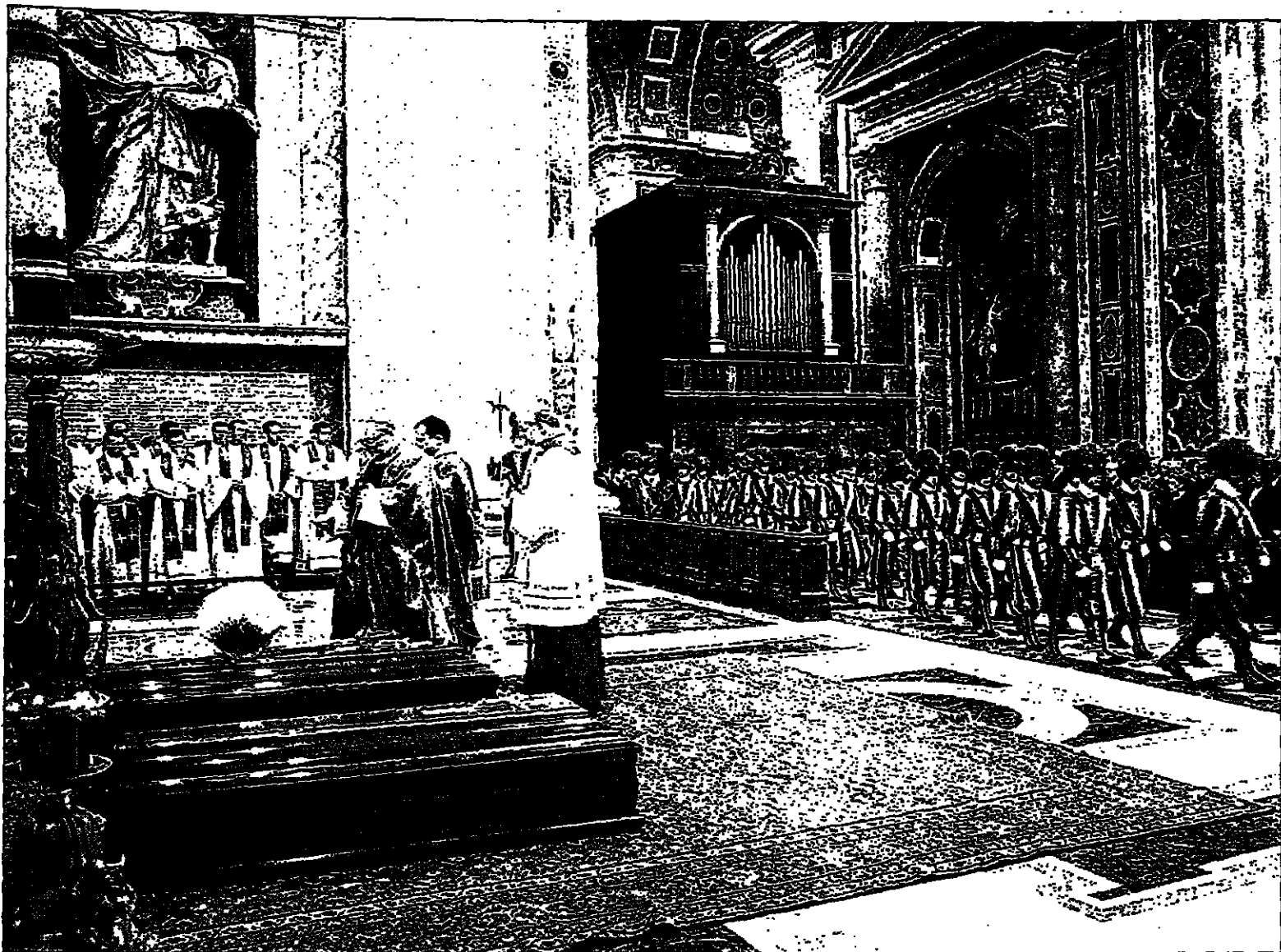
صكزا من الامل



# Variations on an enigma



Italian media love making a mystery out of a molehill. But the Vatican's account of its Swiss Guard commander's death has oddities, writes **John Hooper** in Rome



The Vatican spoke of a 'fit of madness' by Swiss guardsman Cedric Tornay (top left), yet a family letter indicates the young soldier acted with cool premeditation in killing his new commander, whose funeral took place in St Peter's Basilica (above) on Wednesday. MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: ARTURO MARA

## John Hooper in Rome

IT CAN seem, in Italy, that everything becomes a riddle which then proves unsolvable. Fielding questions about Monday's triple killing in the Vatican, the Pope's spokesman, Joaquín Navarro-Valls, allowed himself what Italians call a *sfogo* — a burst of pent-up frustration. Italian newspapers, he said, were put together by "fabricators of mysteries".

There are many talented and experienced reporters in Italy, but they operate in a tradition that permits fudging of the lines between hearsay and eyewitness accounts and between quotes and paraphrased reconstructions — and this tradition tends to create enigmas.

Some of the questions raised about the death on Monday of the Vatican's newly appointed Swiss Guard commander, Alois Estermann, his wife, Gladys Mesa, and their apparent killer, Lance-Corporal Cedric Tornay, verge on the ludicrous.

A report in Thursday's *Il Messaggero*, for example, contained the following passage: "Navarro [sic] immediately specified that all three were found clothed. But why on earth was he in such a hurry to make that remark?"

Allowing for the Italian addiction to *diarologia* (behindology, or the seeing of hidden

meanings in everything), some scepticism about the Vatican's version of events is nevertheless understandable. The day after the killings, Mr Navarro-Valls was already stating that Tornay had acted in a "fit of madness" — and that he did so out of resentment at the way he was treated by Estermann.

Yet, on the contrary, Tornay seems to have acted with cool premeditation. Half an hour before the killings, he even gave a letter to his family to read to his colleagues. As evidence of provocation, the Pope's spokesman initially mentioned only a reprimand issued by Estermann, and the withholding of a medal from the young guards-

If Tornay had been facing years of subjugation to the new commander, his action might have been comprehensible. But we now know he was not. Albeit at the suggestion of his superiors, the young Swiss Guard was leaving. The Swiss security agents' association has a letter from him stating that he would be free for retraining from July 31.

Why, moreover, if his grudge were against Estermann, should Tornay have also killed Estermann's wife? If he was intending to commit suicide immediately afterwards, he had nothing to fear from witnesses. The letter Tornay left for his family is understood to

"I have to render this service to all the Guards as well as to the Catholic Church. I swore to give my life for the Pope and that is just what I am doing. I ask you all to forgive me for leaving you alone, but duty calls. Tell Sera, Melinda and Papa I love them, Cedric."

If that is what he wrote, it is not difficult to understand his mother's reported remark to one of her daughters — that the letter "leaves many questions unanswered". What, in particular, did he mean if he said he was giving his life for the Pope? Captain Estermann has mostly been portrayed as the commanding officer of a toy army. But until his promotion, he was the chief bodyguard of one of the world's most influential men.

The more senior members of the Swiss Guard rarely wear the Renaissance plumes and breastplates for which the corps is best known. Estermann in particular was more likely to be seen in a plain jacket and a dark suit and an earpiece linking him to the other members of the Pope's security entourage.

As Rosario Priore, the judge who looked into the attempted 1981 assassination of the Pope said in an interview published yesterday: "Estermann's role was fundamental. He had been next to the Pope for almost 20 years. He knew in depth his habits."

relevant to claims yesterday by a German newspaper, *Berliner Kurier*, that he had worked for the former East German intelligence service, the Stasi. For the moment, that claim can neither be proved nor disproved. Johann Legner, a spokesman for the office now keeping the Stasi's archive, yesterday confirmed the newspaper's assertion that an agent was given the code name 'Werder' in 1979 — the year before Estermann joined Papal service. But he added that, like those of many other East German spies, Werder's records had been destroyed.

But Estermann's importance is potentially even more relevant to claims yesterday by a German newspaper, *Berliner Kurier*, that he had worked for the former East German intelligence service, the Stasi. For the moment, that claim can neither be proved nor disproved. Johann Legner, a spokesman for the office now keeping the Stasi's archive, yesterday confirmed the newspaper's assertion that an agent was given the code name 'Werder' in 1979 — the year before Estermann joined Papal service. But he added that, like those of many other East German spies, Werder's records had been destroyed.

'Mama, after all sorts of injustices, they have refused me the only thing I wanted'

man. But plenty of independent evidence has since suggested systematic bullying. In the Swiss newspaper *Le Matin*, one of Tornay's comrades was quoted anonymously as saying Estermann "persecuted him using his power and authority".

The Italian brother and mother of the guardsman's last girlfriend say he said Estermann threatened to make his life even worse "as soon as I am promoted". The killings took place on the day that promotion was announced.

## Vatican riddles



Claims of foul play were made after Pope John Paul I died in 1978, 33 days after his election. British journalist John Cornwell found gaps and contradictions in Vatican accounts but no evidence of murder.



Three investigations and two trials have failed to establish whether Mehmet Ali Agca, the Turk who shot Pope John Paul II (above) in 1981, was acting on behalf of Soviet bloc intelligence services.



Roberto Calvi, whose Banco Ambrosiano was linked to the financial adventures of the Vatican's Institute for the Works of Religion, was found hanging under Blackfriars Bridge, London, in 1982. An open verdict was returned.



Emanuela Orlandi, the 15-year-old daughter of a Papal messenger, vanished in 1983. Anonymous callers to the media said they had kidnapped her to secure Agca's release. Her fate remains a mystery.

# Belgrade snubs West's ultimatum

## Jonathan Steele in Pristina

**P**RESIDENT Slobodan Milosevic of Yugoslavia thumbed his nose at the outside world again yesterday by rejecting demands that he accept international mediation in the Kosovo crisis.

On the eve of today's deadline for a tightening of Western sanctions, he authorised his foreign ministry to call it "unacceptable" for foreign representatives to deal with "internal" Yugoslav affairs. "Nothing can be achieved by strengthening pressure on

Yugoslavia," the ministry's political director, Dragomir Vucokovic, said in Belgrade. The Yugoslav hard line came as the only internally-brokered agreement yet between Serbs and the Albanian majority in Kosovo began to unravel. Several hundred Serb students packed a lecture hall in the engineering faculty at Pristina University yesterday and vowed to occupy the building rather than hand it over to Albanian students.

Under a deal negotiated by representatives of the Catholic San Egidio community in Rome, which has acted as mediator in several international disputes, the building was to be vacated next week, so that Albanian students who left when all Albanian professors were sacked several years ago could rejoin the state system.

But radical Serb students and professors have made clear they will resist the deal. "We will not move from here," said Professor Radovoj Popovic, a former rector. "On Serbian land there can only be a Serbian university."

The latest defiance presents the six-country Contact Group with a new challenge. In Rome two weeks ago the United States, Britain, France, Germany and Italy froze Yugoslavia's foreign cash assets, and said they would ban investments by private companies from today if Belgrade did not accept an international role in negotiations on Kosovo. The sixth member, Russia, dissented.

Meanwhile, gunmen stepped up attacks on Serb police in Kosovo yesterday, wounding one officer on the road between Djakovica and Pancevo in the west, and firing at a checkpoint near Klinja.

## News in brief

### Death toll rises in Italy's 'new Pompeii'

THE Italian government yesterday declared a state of emergency in three southern provinces devastated by landslides, and allocated \$17 million for emergency relief and reconstruction, as the death toll in what the media dubbed a new Pompeii rose to 87.

The Civil Protection Department said 1,570 people were homeless and 107 missing after days of torrential rain swept mud and toppled off mountains throughout Campania, burying houses and families. — *Philip Willan, Rome.*

### Kenyan army sent in

THE Kenyan army is to be deployed in areas hit by political clashes and insecurity. President Daniel arap Moi said. Troops have orders to disarm people and seize illegal weapons.

Tens of thousands of people have been displaced by violence since Mr Moi was re-elected in January, mainly in Rift Valley province, where more than 100 people were killed. At least 40 people are believed to have been killed in clashes in West Pokot and Marsabit districts which the government blames on cattle rustling. There has also been a surge in banditry in North Eastern province. — *Lucy Hannan, Nairobi.*

### Killer's head to be buried

THE head of the Italian anarchist who murdered Austria's favourite Habsburger, Empress Elisabeth, 100 years ago, has been discovered in a jar of formaldehyde in an old wing of Vienna's general hospital, now an anatomical museum. The museum said it would be buried.

Luigi Lucheni hanged himself in October 1910 in his prison cell in Geneva, not far from where he stabbed Elisabeth to death with a file. Austrians are currently celebrating the life of the beautiful but highly-strung empress, who has widely been compared to Princess Diana. — *Kate Connolly, Prague.*

### Gays hail court ruling

A SOUTH AFRICAN high court judge yesterday ruled that apartheid-era laws prohibiting homosexual acts were unconstitutional. The judgment was hailed by the National Coalition for Gay and Lesbian Equality and the South African Human Rights Commission, which brought the case.

South Africa adopted its new constitution in 1996, solidifying the protection of human rights promised by Nelson Mandela when he was elected president in 1994. — *AP, Johannesburg.*

### Justice for deaf workers

A MOTHER and daughter who helped lead a ring that forced deaf Mexicans to peddle trinkets in the New York subway and on the streets have been jailed and ordered to pay \$1.5 million (\$900,000) in restitution to about 50 exploited workers.

The deaf workers were forced to turn over their proceeds from selling \$1 trinkets, and were beaten and tortured with an electric stun gun if they refused, tried to escape or failed to meet quotas of up to \$500 a week. — *New York Times.*

### Mostar bomb charges

SEVEN people — apparently Islamic fighters — have been charged in the central city of Zenica in connection with a bomb attack last year in the Croat-controlled half of Mostar which injured 50 people, 25 of them seriously. — *AP, Sarajevo.*

### New life for Dole

FORMER United States senator Bob Dole said he was among men who took part in trials of the new impotence pill Viagra, and called it "a great drug". "I wish I'd have bought stock earlier," the 1996 Republican presidential nominee joked on CNN television.

Mr Dole, aged 74, was diagnosed with prostate cancer in 1991 and underwent successful surgery. — *AP, Washington.*

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## A little local difficulty

Tuned out, turned off

THE ANORAKS and junkies enjoyed it, but almost everyone else stayed at home. The nation's politics addicts — starved of an election in England for a whole year — were doubtless glued to their TV sets in the early hours of yesterday morning as they watched the results from 166 English authorities roll in, along with Londoners' verdict on the creation of a new mayorality. But the vast majority were tuned out and turned off. The average turnout across England was below 30 per cent. Of course the political parties will declare their delight at their marvellous results, but the rest of us should ponder that last figure. A turnout of less than a third is appalling, well below even the American rate of electoral participation — so often cited as the evidence of a decayed democracy.

The Government can draw satisfaction from a night which saw them gain two councils — including the Tories' suburban

London heartland of Harrow — and lose just 90 seats on their high-watermark performance of 1994. The "modernisers" will be further emboldened by the clear sign that New Labour candidates fared better than Old Labour ones. The Tories will be cheered to boast gains of 260 council seats, even if they only made one net gain of a council. But, just as Labour was coming down from an impossibly high base, so the Tories should not forget they set out from a pitifully weak point they could hardly do worse on Thursday than they had in 1994. They have made modest signs of recovery, but those high-profile defeats at the hands of New Labour indicate just how much of a task William Hague faces.

Paddy Ashdown, too, has some work to do. His party did better than the polls predicted but still lost more than a hundred seats. As Professor John Curtice observes on our news pages, the Liberal Democrats fared best against Labour opposition — partly because they are seen as so close to the Government that they are seen as a safe alternative by disaffected Labour voters. But that same closeness causes the party trouble in Tory seats — which is where most Lib Dem MPs need to win. This is a conundrum Liberal Democrats need to solve in time for the next general election.

The greatest task of post-contest analysis, however, should probably be conducted by us, the voters — or non-voters, as it turned out. There are plenty of explanations for Thursday's outbreak of apathy. Many voters probably thought they had sorted out all this politics stuff this time last year, some were probably a bit irritated to have to do it all over again. The popularity of the Government is also a factor: there was no great urge to protest that needed an outlet. The low response to the referendum in London is revealing. It suggests that consensus — there was no No campaign — produces apathy, and that abstract questions rarely arouse strong passions: the contest will be a whole lot livelier if it was Ken vs. Jeffrey rather than Yes vs. No. But it might also reveal that voters don't want to be balloted on every big change; some apparently feel they elect Governments to take decisions like these. This could be a warning: voters may similarly dislike being asked to decide on a new electoral system or a single currency.

The Government should learn one last lesson. It is currently considering proposals demanding as many as 40 per cent of all those in a workplace vote Yes before recognising their choice of trade union. In London only 24 per cent of all those eligible

voted Yes. We are glad they did, and the vote is legitimate — but Mr Blair should take note: if that standard is good enough for him, it should be good enough for them.

## Song for Europe

Kitsch can unite us

Ding-a-Dong. Boom Bang-A-Bang. Not to mention Diggi-Loo, Diggi-Ley. It's that time of year again, when the peoples of Europe come together to express the most profound romantic sentiments with all the poetic finesse of which this sophisticated continent is capable. Forget Goethe and Shakespeare, Yeats and Baudelaire, and recall, with a fond tear, Dana's 1970 euro-winner All Kinds Of Everything, a song that went a little like this: "All kinds of everything remind me of you/ Butterflies and flutter byes/ All kinds of goo/ All kinds of everything remind me of you."

It's easy to mock the Eurovision Song Contest, and so much fun, too, and yet, amid the ill-advised appliqué frocks, shockingly stupid lyrics, jejune key changes, and bingy-bongy-booo sentiment, there is a serious political lesson to be learned. The European continent, by con-

trast, has always been divided by everything: languages, eating habits, football, literary sensibilities, toilet arrangements. What could bring us together? Not the European Union, apparently. In theory, Eurovision can be seen as more successful: it has enabled us all to set aside our petty rivalries and bring us together for one night a year, united in kitsch contempt for the contest's participants.

But this theory doesn't hold water. In reality as Terry Wogan recently noted, the contest promotes only a grand illusion of continental unity. In practice, patriotic feeling blinds many a viewer to the true merits of a Eurovision song: there are some among us, proud but frankly misguided Brits, who in 1974 championed Olivia Newton-John's insipid British entry in preference to the transcendently wonderful Abba offering, Waterloo. Here, as with International It's A Knockout, patriotic sentiment is revealed to be ludicrous. The true political lesson of Eurovision, then, is that national pride is, sometimes, a force to be overcome. Viewed like this, there could be more to the contest in Birmingham tonight than a single currency of Euro-gibberish. It might even be a chance to shake off the leftovers of our shared, nationalistic pasts — and sing a chorus of Boom, Bang-A-Bang!

## Letters to the Editor

### Electorate in a spin

SO LOW turnout is to be blamed on polling stations being in the wrong place. It would appear to be better if they were all in supermarkets. It couldn't be that the main parties looked identical in most of the country and so there wasn't much choice for most voters?

It couldn't be that most of the powers have been removed from local government and so there isn't much to vote for?

And it couldn't be that the "spin doctors" want fewer elections, just for the occasional mayor (and Prime Minister?), who can be trusted to do everything for us? A one-stop shop indeed. John Nicholson, Manchester.

[A 30 per cent turnout is good enough for major constitutional change in London — which Unison welcomes — why is a higher percentage needed in ballots for union recognition? Chris Humphreys, Regional secretary, Unison, London.

WITH only 24 per cent of the electorate voting for a Mayor of London I assume there will be no mayor. Alan Jones, Redditch, Worcs.

HAVING recently become a British citizen, I voted this week for the first time. I was shocked to discover that my polling number was written on the counterfoil of my ballot. Since each ballot paper is numbered, this allows my vote to be identified. I had always believed the Secret Ballot Act provided precisely what it says — secrecy. Lucrécia Luque, London.

We do not publish letters where only an e-mail address is supplied; please include a full postal address. We may edit letters: shorter ones are more likely to appear. The Country Diary is on page 21.

## Counting the cost of the false Connection

WHILE we await the Independent TV Commission's verdict on whether Carlton TV's The Connection was an elaborate hoax, reporters Michael Sean Gillard and Laurie Flynn deserve a medal for alerting the public to the dangers that flow from market-led journalism (Inquiry ordered into faked TV programme, May 7).

To win commissions producers must come up with ever more ratings-conscious programme proposals, and then the pressure to produce the goods. We all know to our cost that a multiplicity of channels is no guarantee of choice, let alone quality. As in any war the truth is an early casualty, and in the battle for the ratings the public is now served up with sensation and illusion in place of serious current affairs coverage and documentary-making. Frequently we have to deal with individuals whose lives have been wrecked by less than scrupulous production methods.

The double danger is that viewers either fail to see through these cheap constructions, or come to regard them as the norm. Freelance journalists and independent pro-

ducers are in the weakest position to resist such trends, yet even formerly prestigious programme strands like the BBC's Panorama have fallen foul of the siren of the marketplace.

What is required is for journalists to take a united public stand against sharp practice, tough sanctions against companies that breach the industry's rules, and proper compensation for the victims of broadcasting scams. Mike Jempson, Press Wise, Bristol.

YOUR extensive coverage of the faking of The Connection has laid the blame very heavily on the individual producer. Without wishing to exaggerate him it is important to draw attention to the pressures created by broadcasters and the press. As a small independent producer it is my experience, and that of several more distinguished colleagues, that broadcasters will now only consider foreign subjects, other than wildlife, if they deal with organised, violent crime, with unusual forms of sex or with a British or American celebrity. Even projects which come fully

researched, 70 per cent financed through co-production and offering exceptional access arouse not a flicker of interest.

Even if The Connection had not been faked, the story was more sensational than revealing and it was clear that obtaining it had involved dealings with criminals. The degree to which the programme was showered with publicity and praise put out a clear message about how to further a media career. The situation you have given your, undoubtedly valuable, exposé does little to contradict this message. Margaret Dickinson, London.

GOOD on the Guardian for debunking Carlton TV's The Connection. Surely the TV authorities will take swift, punitive action, if only as an example to others. But do not let the press (including the Guardian) be smug. Since the American civil war newspapers have been publishing fictional photographs as fact. Some have been famously disclosed as staged — first world war attacks on the Western front, the falling Spanish militiaman, flag-raising

on Twojima. More recently, however, many shots from war zones have been faked but not detected as such.

But, however knowing or naive the public may be, is there no right of protection from sleight of hand by photo editors and their staffs? Should they not be as ethical as those who write the stories requiring illustration? Jim Bruntton, Edinburgh.

THE Guardian's exposure of Carlton's TV drags documentary as a fake makes two things even clearer than they were before: London's weekday ITV franchise should be returned to a reputable company such as Thames; and given the barrage of lies, distortions and disinformation about drugs churned out continuously by the Government and most of the media, it is hardly surprising that young people fail to heed the "warnings" emanating from those quarters on the subject. Daniel Jacobs, London.

THE Guardian's exposé of The Connection locates the scandal in terms of the media industry and duped viewers.

However, consideration also needs to be given to the impact on the Colombian community in Britain. Thanks mainly to the media, the Colombians who live here already face a hostile environment that stereotypes them as cocaine traffickers and violent people, and now they will have to bear the added burden of being branded as liars and heroin dealers. The real identity and needs of the Colombian community — which numbers about 50,000 in London alone — has mostly been ignored by the media, statutory agencies and service providers. They are an invisible ethnic minority labelled "other" on monitoring forms, yet their economic and social contribution to our society is substantial. When will Colombians and other Latin Americans be greeted, let alone welcomed? Rachel Dempsey and Juan Carlos Lema, Colombian Community Research Project, London.

TV DOCUMENTARY does not try to deceive — now that would deserve front-page headlines. Nick Griffin, Powys.



### Flipped out by great eggs peril

SURELY I am not alone in feeling enormous resentment at those advising that the elderly, infirm and pregnant women should eat only eggs that have been thoroughly cooked (Scrambled messages, G2, May 7). By implication, this is a warning against salmonella. So out go numerous delightful dishes from the cook's repertoire, including egg flip, that excellent restorative.

I suggest it would be more appropriate to issue a government health warning: "Battered eggs can seriously damage your health." Jean M. Yeates, Sevenoaks, Kent.

THE UK leads Europe and the rest of the world in sales of free-range and barn eggs. The UK produces half of all free-range eggs in the EU and 70 per cent of the EU's barn eggs.

Far from being cynical about animal welfare, the UK industry also leads the world in well-

fare standards, with 70 per cent of UK egg producers following the Lion Code of Practice and/or the RSPCA's Freedom Foods scheme, both of which set higher standards of animal welfare than required by law. Eggs produced under these independently monitored schemes can be found in all major supermarkets.

But, while many of the UK's major retailers sell a high proportion of free-range and barn eggs, a large number of eggs are sold through outlets such as discount retailers where the demand is for lower-price products.

Sales of free-range and barn eggs in the UK have doubled in the past 10 years and producers are continuing to invest in new systems to meet the increased demand. But it is unrealistic to expect the industry to change faster than market demands dictate. Amanda Belden, British Egg Information Service, London.

### Cyclists sent on a road to ruin

CENTRAL Hertford has a 13-year cycle lane running along Fore Street from the National Forestry Centre to the Midland Bank cashpoint. Not the shortest, but surely the most creative (Letters, May 6, 7, 8).

It is indicated by an engraved stone set in the road-way (in memoriam?) of a bicycle, and three signs indicate that this is a "No Entry Zone, excepting BUSES". Any cyclist using the clearly indicated cycle lane is not only committing a criminal offence, but, as they exit at the Midland Bank cashpoint, they are disgorged into oncoming traffic; it is one-way, coming the wrong way, for cyclists.

If we can't have the shortest cycle lane, could we at least be designated the most lethal? Carol Howard, Herts.

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Netanyahu's 'peace deal' will recreate the enemy he fears

## Echo of Entebbe

### Martin Woolacott

YONI Netanyahu was hit in the back by a bullet fired from the Entebbe Airport control tower just as his men were completing the extraordinary mission which in July, 1976, freed Israeli hostages held in Uganda.

He was the commander of the operation, and the only Israeli soldier killed in it. If he had lived to see his brother Binyamin elected prime minister of Israel, Yoni, who might have become chief of staff, would now have been 52. Entebbe was a high point of Israeli military excellence, as well as an event that seemed

to darkly symbolise the necessary sacrifice of the best to ensure the safety of the many. It still influences events today. Ehud Barak, now the leader of the Labour party, commanded the special forces unit from which the Entebbe men were drawn. Binyamin also did his military service in that unit, and the glory earned by Yoni's martyrdom contributed to his brother's political success.

As Binyamin Netanyahu ponders whether to accept an American peace plan, scornously favourable to Israel, but which does not satisfy either him or his supporters, the story of Yoni and his triumph at Entebbe is far from irrelevant.

It represents the idea that Israeli military power is the only dependable answer to the problem of Israeli security. It represents the idea of giving nothing away, of implacably dealing with a slippery enemy while keeping at a distance unreliable friends proffering seductive notions of peace.

It is interesting how aligned are some of Yoni's opinions of a quarter of a century ago and those of his brother today. Thus Yoni, writing to his

parents, in 1976, quoted in Max Hastings's biography, "I do not doubt that we have the ability, the power, and the will to stick it out here long enough to turn ourselves into a fait accompli."

Binyamin, at Auschwitz two weeks ago: "We know that Jewish sovereignty and Jewish power are the only deterrents and the only guarantees against the slaughter of the Jews."

In the mid-seventies, some Americans had just begun to consider the idea that a Palestinian state might be a necessary element in a settlement. When the United States signed a peace agreement with North Vietnam which was followed by the abandonment and defeat of South Vietnam, Yoni wrote: "Is this the peace they plan for us?"

Between Yoni's suspicion of American purposes in 1976, and Binyamin's mistrust of the Clinton administration in 1998, and his visceral dislike of the idea of a Palestinian state, there is surely some connection. Hastings writes of the "profound sense of the precariousness of their society" felt by Israelis in those days. It

was a sense that certainly characterised Netanyahu's family, and still does.

True, the fight against precariousness, the battle against the possibility of disappearance, is in the nature of Israel. It is seen most obviously in the relentless heaping up of concrete, stone, and steel represented by the settlements, many of them now armed suburbs rather than the fenced hamlets of the old days.

These are the "facts on the ground" for which Israel is famous, and yet they are set in a Middle East landscape littered with the ruins of the "facts on the ground" of other peoples, from the Hittites to the Turks. Stone and steel are no guarantee of permanence.

What does constitute such a guarantee is the question that Netanyahu and his Cabinet should, but will not, be considering this weekend, while weighing the American offer.

That offer is supposed to rescue the peace which Oslo promised. But the Oslo agreement has now been so deformed that assent to what remains of it cannot be seen as an easy key to peace. To focus on the difficulty before Netan-

yah at this moment, or on the difficult politics of his precarious coalition, is too narrow a view of things.

A rejection of the American plan will certainly be disastrous, but an acceptance of it will represent no great restoration of peaceful possibilities. The attraction which Netanyahu has already worked on Oslo is immense.

Whether or not he agrees to the American proposal that another 13 per cent of the West Bank go to the Palestinians at this stage, he has already greatly reduced the amount of land they had reason to expect.

If he does agree, he will be allowed to cut out a third withdrawal and go at once into the final negotiations on the size and powers of a Palestinian entity, during which his strategy will be to avoid any concessions on settlements, on the right of return for Palestinians, and on Jerusalem by handing over a few more bits of land.

The Palestinians, in their desperation, are ready to accept this prospect, but it

would be jesting to imagine that they think that this is leading somehow to a fair and honourable settlement. Even if the Netanyahu government should fall, given the hawkish views of Ehud Barak, they would be right to be dubious about the outcome.

They will get what they can get, and then they will see. A settlement accepted as fair and honourable is, the world might think, the only one that has a chance of ending the conflict. But it seems that Netanyahu is only interested in giving the Palestinians the very least that he can get away with.

His negotiation, in other words, is about peace with the Americans, not with the Palestinians. The result is that Netanyahu is in the process of creating, or re-creating, the very enemy he fears, because a humiliated Palestinian mini-state would indeed not be in a genuine peace with Israel.

Adding a truly surreal note, Netanyahu has succeeded in presenting the American proposals, which in reality are a victory for him and a defeat for the Palestinians, as an outrageous intrusion on Israeli

sovereignty. He has enlisted influential sections of American Jewry in the projection of this travesty of the facts, as well as many members of Congress who are merely interested in any push which causes problems for President Clinton. So it is plucky little Israel which is being pushed to the wall, rather than the Palestinians who are being stripped of what the Oslo agreement had led them to believe they had a right to expect.

In his tactical manoeuvring, Netanyahu has so far been successful, but his game could go wrong next week either in Israel or in the United States. It would be foolish to deny that he is constrained by his political allies, who might revolt against him, but equally foolish not to see that his basic line derives from something obscure in his nature, and from a deeply pessimistic idea of Israel's circumstances.

That is what connects him still with Entebbe and with his brother's views and his brother's death. Yet Entebbe is now invoked by many Israelis only in the negative sense

that they feel their country no longer capable of such feats, or that they miss the inspiration another Entebbe might bring.

The typical Israeli operation of the Netanyahu years has been a bungle rather than a triumph.

A series of helicopter crashes, failed assassination attempts, and debacles in Lebanon have made Israelis understand that the superman myth is just that. While the distance between the high military efficiency of the past and the relative incompetence of the present is exaggerated, the point is that Israel cannot assume that its security will be assured by continuing military superiority.

Martin van Crevelde, the distinguished Israeli military thinker, sees peace arriving from Israel suffering "some small portion of a necessary defeat" combined with the realisation "on the other side, that they can't get rid of us". Israel's education, in recent years, has been about the limits of power. But these are lessons that Binyamin Netanyahu seems not to have learned.



# Saturday opinion

## What's right to write

Mark Lawson

**P**OLICE interrogations of criminals and media interviews with artists share the same underlying agenda: why did you do it? The cop or the hack with the tape-recorder needs primarily to establish motive. The question of artistic motivation arises with some force now because the two most-discussed cultural products this month — Adrian Lyne's remake of *Lois & Clark* and Gita Sereny's biography of Mary Bell — have had their right to exist questioned, both wished away by moralists on suspicion of pandering to the sick. Supporters of these works have invoked the old high art walrus — once claimed for Lady Chatterley at the Old Bailey — which argues that risky or disturbing material is justified if its intention is literary or improving.

More than enough has been written about the detail of both film and book. What interests me is the extent to which the intention behind a work of art should be considered its defence or attack. For, ever since Dr Johnson claimed to have written *Rasselas* purely to pay for his mother's funeral, authorial intent has been one of the most elusive targets of criticism. The French newspaper, *Libération*, has regularly asked writers the simple question: *Pourquoi écrire-vous?* Answers in such surveys tend towards expression of some moral, spiritual or even genetic impulse, while hating at needs of finance or dreams of fame. For most artists, you suspect, inspiration is a balance between muse.

In higher art, the dirty little secret of artistic motivation is immortality

mortgage and memorial, with the percentages of these pressures shifting at different stages of their life. Sub-dividing inspiration further, and looking at the products available in contemporary culture, eight main artistic motivations can be determined. They are, in no particular order: money, career, immortality, provocation, therapy, entertainment, publicity, talent. Most works would earn at least three ticks. Very few have a single purpose, although leaving eggheads scratching in the faculties was motivated only by the desire to provoke, and there exist without doubt cultural products of which the only inspiration is financial.

**T**HE stage show of Saturday Night Fever which opened in London this week is a good example of pure money motivation. Having the idea of translating a 1977 John Travolta film to the stage — when 1970s nostalgia and Travolta mania are rife — can scarcely be attributed to a muse, unless your muse happens to be a banker. At one level, all mainstream cultural products aim mainly to make money, but the impurity of this motive crucially varies, as the difference between the film of *Saturday Night Fever* and the stage usefully illustrates. John Badham's 1977 movie — an adaptation of an obscure magazine piece featuring an unknown actor — could not have been regarded as a cynical exercise in dollar accumulation. The stage had musical version has the lazy feel of an assumed hit. Essentially a sequel, though in a different medium, it has the opportunistic feel of all follow-ups, except, perhaps, *The Godfather*.

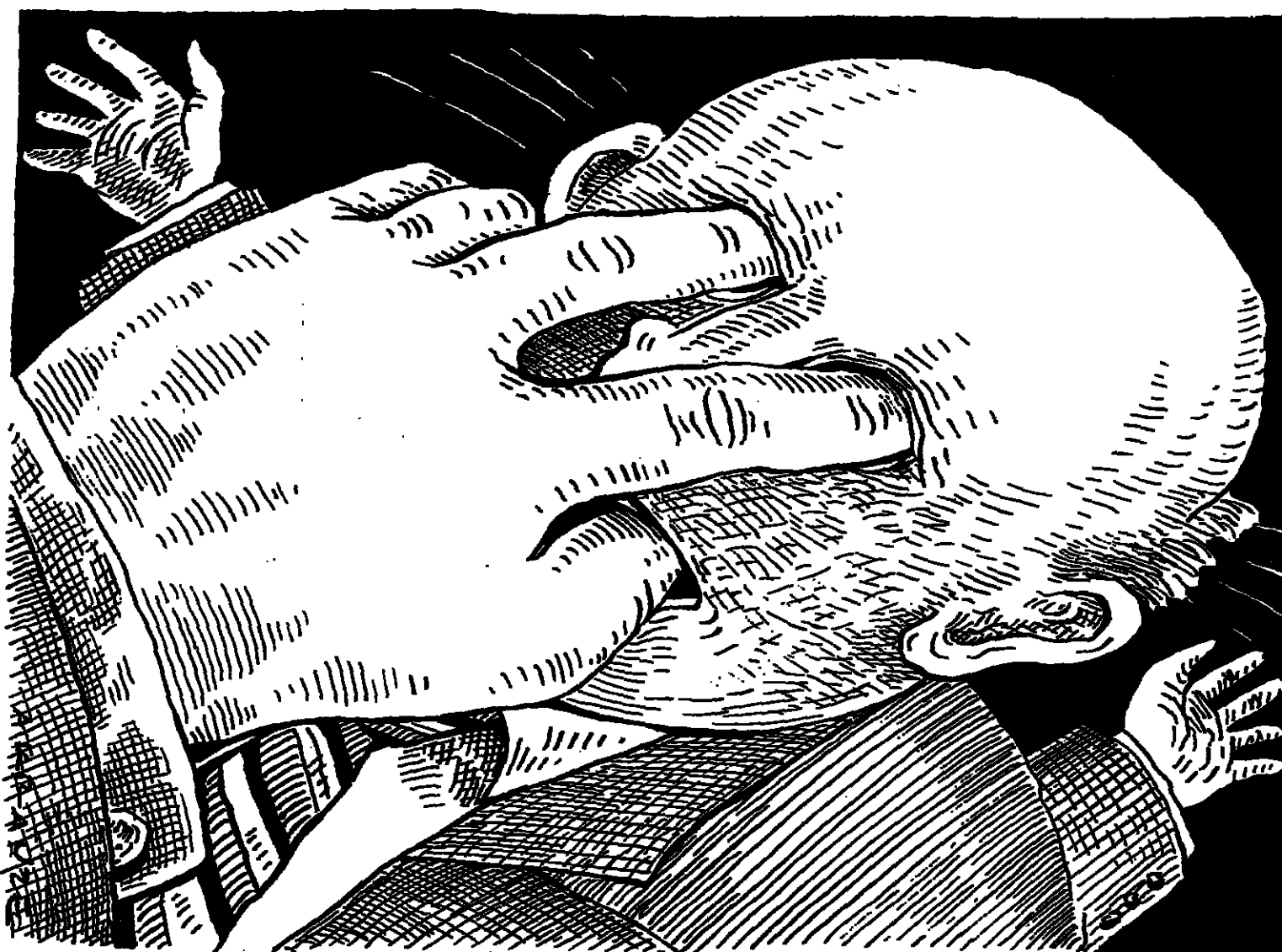
The same caveat applies to remakes. The true moral problem with the Adrian Lyne remake of *Lois & Clark*, which opened in Britain yesterday, is not that it glamorises paedophilia but that it cheapens movie-making. This unexpected upmarket venture from the director of *9½ Weeks* and the producer of *Basic Instinct* feels like a market decision, an attempt to exploit a currently hot topic. But the gamble has so far failed, because the heat is so great that the film cannot find an American distributor. The books of Jeffrey Archer, this week's man who would be mayor, are intriguing in this context. His first novel — *Not A Penny More, Not A Penny Less* — was written explicitly to make money, to restore his fortune after the financial disaster which ended his political career. And yet what made the novel interesting — and began to draw in his vast readership — was that, consciously or sub-consciously, another factor was at work: catharsis.

**R**EPLAYING his personal crisis with a happy ending, the book had a psychological need to be written which at least equalled the financial imperative. This has remained true up until *The Eleventh Commandment*, Archer's just-published 10th novel. People who accuse Archer of writing only for money are wrong. Reading the novels, you feel here is a man truly driven to make things up. Archer has what Norman Mailer called "the writer's word for what drives a writer's imagination."

Art as catharsis is also well represented by another current novel, Hanif Kureishi's *Intimacy* — a book about a man walking out on his wife and two children, by an author who has recently done the same — reads so much like a piece of score-settling, an act of personal therapy or revenge, that you feel Kureishi should be reciting the book to us.

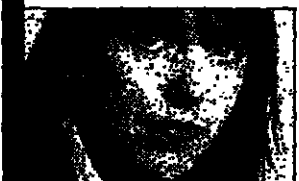
At the end of the 20th century, the creative motive least in evidence is the political. The defeat of communism ended dissident art, and the triumph of mid-level politics and the market in Britain have combined largely to see off political theatre and cinema. The film critic of the *Daily Mail* was to be found this week celebrating the passing of "dour, didactic, ideological films" (he cited *Greenaway*, *Jarman*, *Loach* and others) and their replacement by feelgood romantic comedies. The chairman of *Relate*, calling this week for soap operas to be used to instruct the public in happy relationships, has failed to see the shift in culture from improvement to amusement. Soap operas may have begun in Britain as an offshoot of the Ministry of Agriculture, but they now exist to deliver mass audiences.

In higher art forms, the dirty little secret of artistic motivation is immortality. Of modern writers, only Martin Amis has been entirely open about his desire to be read in centuries hence, and has been much mocked for it. But it is surely this ambition to cheat the void which brings more fingers to word processors, eyes to lenses and brushes to canvases than any other except the bright red letter from Nat West. And, finally, there is career. Tom Stoppard once said: "I used to write plays because I wanted to be a playwright. Now I write plays because I am a playwright. It's not quite the same thing." There is an obvious gain of craft and practice in middle and late work, there is a point at which inspiration shades into habit. Unexpected work becomes expected work, which brings us back to Gita Sereny, who has written another book about a moral monster essentially because she previously wrote others.



## Real bad taste

Catherine Bennett



**I**T WAS not the use of a woman to sell a watch that the Advertising Standards Authority objected to so much as the use of an extremely thin woman. And it was not the favourable presentation of an extremely thin woman that caused a large fee rather than expecting us to hand over a tenner.

At the end of the 20th century, the creative motive least in evidence is the political. The defeat of communism ended dissident art, and the triumph of mid-level politics and the market in Britain have combined largely to see off political theatre and cinema. The film critic of the *Daily Mail* was to be found this week celebrating the passing of "dour, didactic, ideological films" (he cited *Greenaway*, *Jarman*, *Loach* and others) and their replacement by feelgood romantic comedies.

**T**HERE has been horse racing on the Rooftop, the open space beneath the mediaeval walls of Chester, since the reign of Henry VII. And it is one of the last places in Britain where the annual race week still has a feeling of carnival about it. It is a unique and much-loved racecourse — small and tight and twisty, more like a dogtrack than anything else — and it constitutes a remarkable practical joke by the poor on the rich. The view of the racing available from the city walls (admission free) is considerably better than most people get in the County Stand (admission £25, jacket and tie compulsory).

Since only lunatics take their cars into the city, most people still walk through the streets to get to the Rooftop, as they must have done in the 18th century. We should be serenaded by Tudor minstrels. You certainly expect to find the lady merchants or even their old-time predecessors, the pea-and-thimble men.

But on Wednesday, Chester Cup day, we passed only ticket touts, Bible-bashers and the scarlet-coated hawker employed by Katie's Tea Room. It was a good-humoured stroll past the Rows and through the Watergate, and even the God Squad

contrary, she was made to look silly. "Put some weight on," joked the caption to an advertisement for Accurist watches. The model wore a watch on her weedy upper arm. Upholding them, the ASA concluded that the "advertisement could be seen to be mocking people with eating disorders." Having it both ways, the ASA also objected that the advert could be seen to be "portraying being underweight as being advisable." Whatever the advertisers were not to do it again.

Even allowing for the efforts of vegetarians, gun-lovers, Christians and other lobbyists, the ASA's monthly reports are a useful guide to what is currently most offensive to the British public. Mostly, they are enraged by being ripped off, so many of the ASA's judgments relate to isolated complaints about fat-melting neckties, bogus prize draws, phoney "limited editions", and other scams so ancient and obvious it seems incredible that anyone could still be taken in.

But the real outrage follows not cheating, but advertising about what offends "taste and decency". Breasts, rude words, God, dead kittens, and so forth. The ASA, which rules on the offensiveness of advertisements, has become one of Britain's most important taste-and-decency monitors, dismissing some complaints, making others the subject of extended homily.

Later, for example, the agency pronounced sternly against French Connection, having received complaints about the slogan, "funk advertising". The authority

thought the poster would be read as "funk advertising", and so bring "advertising into disrepute". A similarly provocative slogan, "KING tasty", was, alas, withdrawn before the ASA could rule whether it was possible to bring burgers into disrepute.

On sex, or, specifically, the ostentatious use of women's bodies to sell consumer products, the ASA is inclined, perhaps rightly, to resist public disapproval. After all, the more outrage the better the advertisement works. Gosard has regularly been forgiven its posters of blonde women with elegant breasts, accompanied by suggestive slogans. "Hello boys" was the pioneer, now shorthand for any sexy advertisement which uses knowing lewdness to deflect public outrage. Gosard brings them out all the

**Jesus had little understanding of the racing form book**

elector or not. On Tuesday, it closes down. In the midst of Life, there is death. It is an extraordinary business. Until 12 years ago the Life had a most dreadful newspaper of the century: first Robert Maxwell and then David Montgomery, the current head of Mirror Group, who has managed to send the circulations of six different

national papers into complete nosedives. Funding a new lightbulb above the news desk has for some years constituted a major editorial investment at one of Mr Montgomery's papers. Last year, the Post's circulation overhauled the Life.

**H**OWEVER, Montgomery had enough charm to persuade the Sheikh, who was starting to get bored with the Post, to sell it to him for nothing. Both racing papers have now lost from next Wednesday, the Post will have a monopoly but it will be a Montgomery monopoly. The nearest thing to a racing certainty is that what has up to now been an excellent newspaper will steadily get worse.

I shall miss the Life, clapped-out though it was. It was part of old England, which is vanishing ever-faster. MANY newspapers these days include poems, which is a very cheap way of filling space if they happen to be out of copyright. This column is interested in the poetry of everyday life. Henceforth, it will conclude with a little list of the humdrum-poetic, which is meant to be savoured or, if circumstances permit, declaimed.

It is appropriate to start with the names of newspapers, mostly defunct: the Herald of the Hills (Pontypool); the Epworth Bells and Isle of Axholme Messenger; the Smethwick Telephone; the Kidderminster Shuttle; the North Star (Dingwall); the Tillochry Tribune (Clackmannan); Mona's Herald (Douglas); the Haltwhistle Echo; the Redditch Indicator; the Donegal Vindicator. And the Sporting Life. RIP.

**You couldn't use a clothed woman in a bra ad unless, like John Major, she wore her underwear outside**

time. "Who said a woman can't get pleasure from something soft?" No offence! "If I want something rough on my chest I'll find a man." No offence! But enough was taken to make the "something rough" advertisement among the most complained-about of 1997. The complaints were not upheld.

Of course, it would not be easy to use a fully-clothed woman to advertise a bra, unless, like John Major in the Steve Bell cartoons, she wore her underwear outside. If the undressed woman is considered "irrelevant to the product", the ASA is more likely to uphold complaints. Even here, though, there are degrees of bodily irrelevance, which must be judged to a nicety. Three complaints about the not entirely young woman who featured in an Age Concern campaign were not investigated. One complaint about a naked woman in a smutty Loaded advertorial was more successful. The ASA decided that it "was likely to cause serious or widespread offence".

**R**EPULSIVE as Loaded and its advertorial undoubtedly are, one wonders if it really has a readership so susceptible to taking offence. And if it does not, is the advertisement, like the thousands of others reported, really worth investigating? The ASA only involves itself in questions of taste and decency if a member of the public complains, and so spends much energy investigating the superficial rather than exposing what is profoundly offensive.

It seems unlikely, for instance, that any Sun readers will protest about that newspaper's current "Free Pint of Boddingtons" World Cup promotion. This generous offer coincided with the Sun headline "Despair of Tosh — killed by whisky and lager binge", and came immediately after Tony Adams, a former alcoholic, collected the Carling Premiership trophy, flanked by two giant pints of lager. According to the ASA, advertisements "should be prepared with a sense of responsibility to consumers and society". But, so long as it's tasteful enough, in decent language, advertisers can still promote garbage, from junk food for kiddies to useless anti-ageing creams for mothers. An ASA spokesman confirms there is such a thing as a "socially responsible" advertisement for alcohol. Advertisers can flag known carcinogens, from sunbeds to cigarettes; they can still get away with car advertisements that promise, like the current Mazda slogan, "total freedom". Overpriced cars, crappy food, stinky smokes and strong spirits may kill us for real, but never mind that, so long as nothing offends us in their image. In its way, the ASA helps keep the whole machine that provokes desires that were not previously there, then profitably exploits them, rolling smoothly on, without being snagged by a stray nipple or tripped up by a coarse anagram. Now that, you might think, really is an offence against taste and decency.

## The Life. RIP

Matthew Engel



**T**HERE has been horse racing on the Rooftop, the open space beneath the mediaeval walls of Chester, since the reign of Henry VII. And it is one of the last places in Britain where the annual race week still has a feeling of carnival about it. It is a unique and much-loved racecourse — small and tight and twisty, more like a dogtrack than anything else — and it constitutes a remarkable practical joke by the poor on the rich. The view of the racing available from the city walls (admission free) is considerably better than most people get in the County Stand (admission £25, jacket and tie compulsory).

Since only lunatics take their cars into the city, most people still walk through the streets to get to the Rooftop, as they must have done in the 18th century. We should be serenaded by Tudor minstrels. You certainly expect to find the lady merchants or even their old-time predecessors, the pea-and-thimble men.

But on Wednesday, Chester Cup day, we passed only ticket touts, Bible-bashers and the scarlet-coated hawker employed by Katie's Tea Room. It was a good-humoured stroll past the Rows and through the Watergate, and even the God Squad

matched their mood to the occasion. One banner read: "Jesus Said The Life Shall Be First and the First Last", which suggests Jesus had little understanding of the form book, or of modern Government thinking on redistribution.

He may not be the only one out of touch. Horse racing is engaged in a major internal political wrangle about how to improve its finances. Next Tuesday the British Horseracing Board is due to elect a new chairman. The leading candidate is businessman based in the Cayman Islands called Peter Savill, whose chief policy (I paraphrase a little) is to go to the Government, bang his fist on the table and shout "Forget the poor and the pensioners and the nurses. Give the racehorse owners more money. Now!"

Of course, you never know these days: it might just work. The owners do have a case. The difference between owning a racehorse in Britain, and flushing \$5 notes down the toilet is that there is a serious chance that the notes will block the drains and float back up again. If more money were available for prizes, it would be good for the industry and create more jobs.

1990 (apparently the cards got left out one day by mistake and no one complained), and it did not resume until 1970. It is a constant source of amazement to me that intelligent people who will happily gamble on a medium as mindless as the National Lottery continually snare at the intellectual challenge and extremely cheap thrill you can get from betting on horses.

**Jesus had little understanding of the racing form book**

elector or not. On Tuesday, it closes down. In the midst of Life, there is death. It is an extraordinary business. Until 12 years ago the Life had a most dreadful newspaper of the century: first Robert Maxwell and then David Montgomery, the current head of Mirror Group, who has managed to send the circulations of six different

<p><b>Prague</b> from <b>£176</b> return inc. taxes</p>	<p><b>Brussels</b> from <b>£88</b> return inc. taxes</p>
<p><b>Edinburgh</b> from <b>£69</b> return inc. taxes</p>	<p><b>Nice</b> from <b>£166</b> return inc. taxes</p>
<p><b>Oslo</b> from <b>£116</b> return inc. taxes</p>	<p><b>Paris</b> from <b>£86</b> return inc. taxes</p>

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Sybil Connolly

# Textures of Ireland

**S**YBIL Connolly, who has died aged 77, was Irish fashion for almost 50 years, the one Irish couturier recognised outside that country, known for her affection for the land's traditions and her imaginative use of them. Jack Lynch, Ireland's former Taoiseach, called her "a national treasure".

The most traditionally-inspired contemporary designer, Christian Lacroix, only alludes to his Parisian collections to his native Provence; but Connolly actually used the very stuffs of Ireland — tweeds, linens, lawns and laces made there for centuries from fine local flax and wool.

Her aesthetics and attitude came out of an Ireland now almost vanished. She was essentially Anglo-Irish: her half-English, half-Welsh mother married a Waterford man. She was the intellectual creation of her Welsh grandfather, who taught her Greek philosophy, and of two years in a convent school (an experience she drew on decades later when asked to modernise the sisters' habits for three Catholic orders).

Her education in fashion began in 1938, as an apprentice at Boodle's of London. There were pre-war London couturiers — designers in the modern sense, whose concepts are imposed on customers. But Bradley's only called itself a "dressmaking establishment". Its clothes were a collusion between uncredited designers and craftspeople, and the desires (and shape) of the clients. Connolly was allowed to hold pins at Buckingham Palace fittings for the Dowager Queen Mary, whose corsets had upheld the undivided memento-memento contour of the Edwardian era.

Connolly began to design her own elegant clothes; the novelist Kate O'Brien remembered her in a golden party dress, with a "figure to impress imagination and memory". She had returned to Ireland in 1940 as a buyer for Richard Alan, a Dublin clothes shop. In 1942 she was director of the company. Alan's house designer left in



Timeless fashion... Sybil Connolly's designs (above) were beautifully simple and her premises in Dublin became a 'shop-window for Ireland'

1953 and Sheila, Lady Dunany (one of a cast of countesses and marchionesses in Connolly's life), recalled being in the shop that year: "I couldn't find a black dress I wanted, so Sybil said 'Why don't I make you one?' I think it was the first thing she made for a client."

Connolly then produced her own successful collection. American store buyers were the big post-war power; they had established Dior and the very idea of Paris. Altered by a convoy of Philadelphia matrons who had bought Connolly's work in Dublin, and by Carmel Snow, of Harper's Bazaar, the buyers were delighted, en route to Paris, to

stop over in Ireland to dine at Dunany Castle and see the collection. Connolly then showed in the US; her glamour and charm took her on to the cover of *Life*, and into *Time* and *Vogue*.

She appealed to a classy American taste, which was too rangy, too sports-loving, to endure the rigid construction of fifties French couture, and the immobility it imposed. Her ideas were beautifully simple, like the 1953 dress she created of classic Irish men's white linen handkerchiefs, banded in satin: sensual and witty. She played handkerchief lawn, so that nine yards of the gossamer textile were reduced to

one yard of fabric, then dyed it in intense colours. Jackie Kennedy wore Connolly's pleated linen for a White House portrait.

Connolly ordered mohairs and Donegal tweeds recoloured to her preferences. She popularised internationally the (fairly modern) Irish folkwear from the laies of Aran, of unbleached wool knitted into sweaters with sculptural patterns. She was teased sometimes for being "stage-Irish" — for clothes which seemed to have come from the fantasy of Ireland in John Ford's *The Quiet Man*, like her black shawls and quilted skirts of red flannel employed in Connemara for

petticoats: purest Maureen O'Hara.

She set up at the height of her fame in 1967 in a 270-year-old mansion in Merrion Square, Dublin and remained there for the rest of her days, making of it "a shop-window for Ireland". She was not interested in the commercial shift towards ready-to-wear, and eventually gave up collections, garbing only loyal clients. Then she extended herself into garden and interior design, with fabrics and papers, china for Tiffany & Co, and books on Irish houses and gardens. After the early sixties, she did not much change her style. "There comes a moment in a designer's life when you have

to decide whether you want to create the beautiful or the merely fashionable. Sadly, there can be a conflict between the two."

A kind of transference eventually happened: she who had been so long supportive of Ireland's traditions became one herself. When a writer gave the Merrion Square address in great detail to a Dublin cab driver, he chastised her: "Why," he said, "didn't you just say 'Take me to Mrs Connolly's'?"

Veronica Horwell

Sybil Connolly, fashion designer, born January 24, 1921; died May 6, 1998

## Weekend birthdays

RUNNING to become London's first elected mayor will give Glenda Jackson, 62 today, a special satisfaction, well beyond the challenge of sorting out the capital's traffic gridlock. It's all about the other iron lady. Glenda joined the Labour Party in 1979, as Mrs Thatcher won her first election. The "no such thing as society" speech persuaded her to abandon 30 years of stage and film acclaim and stand for parliament. "I would have done anything legal to get her out," Glenda once remarked. "I was so angry when I heard that speech, I walked into my glass doors."

Despite an imposing presence at the dispatch box (all ways in regulation red coat) the jury is still out on her capabilities as minister for transport. No-one doubts her general commitment but some say she has more concerns than ideas. The adjectives are contradictory: formidable and hard, on the one hand; charming, on the other. What no-one underestimates is the steady quality she has brought to the stage as Elizabeth I. The dream of reviving the London government, which Thatcher abolished, may be a re-run of the way in which Good Queen Bess finally dealt with her old adversary, Mary, Queen of Scots.



## A Country Diary

**NORTH PEMBROKESHIRE:** One walk took us over Brynarian moor, the path led us to a sheltered hillside, where the fields were of grass rippling in the wind. The hedges, not cut in years, grew hawthorn, blackthorn, rowan, ash, gorse and rose billowing over banks of primrose. Another day, we walked up from Newport over the shoulder of Carn Ingli. As you stop in the remains of an ancient hill village, surrounded by its still-standing defence system, and gaze down over the Nevern estuary, your effort is nothing to the reward. More pleasure

awaits. We returned to Newport along hillside, running through airy woods down to the Nevern. At one point, the path climbs above the river and you are given a view of Carn Ingli apparently arising from a hillside of fresh green trees, mainly birch dotted with ash and oak. But we still haven't heard a cuckoo.

AUDREY INSCHE

Jackdaw has flown — but rises again today as *The Editor*, our new tabloid section reporting the best of the world's newspapers

## Alfred McKenzie

# On wings of freedom

**A**LFRID McKenzie, who has died aged 80, was one of the earliest and least-known protagonists in modern America's civil rights battles. His first skirmish came on April 5, 1945 (nearly a decade before Rosa Parks refused to vacate her bus seat in Montgomery, Alabama) when he and more than 100 other black officers at the Freeman air force base, Indiana, were arrested and threatened with courts martial for defying their commanding officer's efforts to bar them from the officers' club.

His second, and ultimately more fruitful, campaign was to sue the US government printing office (GPO), to which he had returned after military service, for racial discrimination. Despite repeated government appeals, he eventually won the case, presenting to individuals in compensation for his fellow workers. Four years ago, in recognition of his achievements, lawyers in Washington established a special award in his name to be presented to individuals involved in outstanding legal actions to preserve civil rights.

There had been few indications in McKenzie's early years in Washington — then a heavily segregated city — that he would become such a determined opponent of discrimination. His interest in flying had been sparked by watching his father put the identification numbers on military aircraft. On leaving school, McKenzie began training as a press operator at the GPO but joined the Army Air Forces when America entered the second world war in 1941. As the likelihood of war

had grown and blacks had become liable for conscription, minority newspapers and the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured Peoples had mounted a vigorous campaign to persuade President Roosevelt that blacks must have equal rights in the defence industries and the armed services. Roosevelt responded by agreeing to the formation of the nation's first black air force squadron and to a fair employment practices committee.

The US war office, however, was less than wholehearted in its response and established the new unit at an isolated training base near Tuskegee, Alabama, one of the country's

**The protest was formally judged to be conduct unbecoming and a breach of military discipline**

most rigidly segregated states. In spite of the local constraints, more than 1,300 men eventually graduated from the Tuskegee flight school. They were assigned to North Africa in April 1943 and achieved their first successes two months later with the destruction of two German fighters. Eventually, the squadron destroyed or damaged 409 enemy planes and four of its pilots, flying P-47 Lightnings, pulled off the remarkable coup of sinking a German destroyer with their machine guns. By the end of

the war, the four black squadrons then in service had won 150 distinguished flying crosses and 744 air medals.

It was against this background that the 477th bombardment group was established at Freeman Field in March 1945, with Alfred McKenzie as one of the pilot officers for its two engines Mitchell bombers. But the commander of the 477th, Colonel Robert Selway, was deeply unhappy at the presence of these black airmen. Two weeks after their arrival, Selway promulgated regulation 85-2, which ordered trainees to remain separate from their base and supervisory officers. Since the trainees were black and their supervisors white, the issue exploded when a number of black pilots tried to enter the officers' club. Selway ordered them to sign a statement that they had read and accepted regulation 85-2 and locked all but the main doors of the club.

A few black officers signed, but 101 refused and were accused of mutiny. But, since the war department's official policy forbade segregation, the episode generated a sufficient storm for the charges to be dropped. Instead, all the officers had formal letters of reprimand placed in their military records for "conduct unbecoming an officer, failure to obey a lawful order, and breach of good order and discipline".

After decades of bureaucratic wrangling, these letters were finally rescinded three years ago. Announcing the move, the USAF chief of staff, General Fogleman, said that "a terrible wrong in the annals of US military history has been righted" and praised

all those involved for taking "a giant step for equality".

McKenzie, meanwhile, had retired from the GPO after 30 years' service with a deep sense of grievance about the treatment of himself and of his black colleagues. In 1973, he sued the GPO, accusing it of racial discrimination in its hiring, training, and promotion policies. He was soon backed by the Washington Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights and McKenzie v Kenrick went on to become one of the leading cases in American employment law.

It was an enormous battle which sucked in lawyers from 20 different Washington practices. The government fought tenaciously but after 14 years was forced to concede and pay \$2.4 million in back-wages to 300 GPO workers. Ironically, because he had retired before the case was launched, McKenzie's was one of the lowest payments. He is survived by his second wife, Ruth, and a son and daughter from his first marriage.

Harold Jackson

Alfred McKenzie, printer, airman, and civil rights campaigner, born 1918; died March 30, 1998

## Death Notices

**SARSON BENJAMIN** - Irene, died peacefully April 30th beloved mother and grandmother. Funeral will be held on Monday, 11th May at 11.00am at St Barnabas Church, 111 Chesham Road, London SE21. Donations to the Royal Free Hospital, 111 Chesham Road, London SE21. To Woodville Manor Way, Epsom, Surrey.

**SHAW, Kim (WILLIAM)**, 24.10.1916-23.5.1998. Headmaster of Primary Schools. On May 6, suddenly at home of a heart attack. He loved and brought up his wife and children and was deeply loved by sons and daughters, and friends and all who knew him. No funeral. He is buried in the garden of his home. "But oh for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still".

## Births

**BELLAMY**, Ali and Rob are pleased to announce the birth of their daughter, Chloe Alice, born on 28th May at 6.55 am at Peterborough Maternity Hospital, Cambridge. Weighing 7lb 13oz. A sister for Ginny.

## Birthdays

**ANDERSON, Steve**, happy 40th birthday. All our love, Pam, Simon, Michael and Amy.

## Engagements

**GARLAND and CURTIS**, both families are delighted to announce the engagement of Colin Gary, daughter of Dave and Sue Garland, Barnham, to Rose Anne, son of Arthur Curtis and Margaret Scott, Haverhill.

For more information telephone 0171 715 4687 or fax 0171 715 4123 between 9am and 5pm Mon-Fri.

## Face to Faith

# The servants of the Church

Martyn Percy

**A**CCORDING to a recent report, the Church Commissioners spend around £600,000 a year on cars and drivers for Church of England bishops. They also spend hundreds and thousands of pounds a year maintaining palaces, castles and other grand residences for bishops. In contrast, the Son of Man had nowhere to lay his head.

It is an essentially trivial exercise to try and measure the work, costs and lifestyles of bishops against those of Jesus. Yet public and media interest in bishops and their lifestyles endures for all the right reasons, even if it is wrongly focused. Society still demands a few saints who will be shining beacons of light. The qualities of such people are to be these: exemplary morals, intense compassion, a degree of asceticism, and a life of prayer. In short, a conduit for grace.

For many people, bishops are or should be such people. If they are essentially kind and to be trusted, a bishop ought to be much more than this, or so the reasoning goes. They find themselves implicitly pressured to behave as, and be portrayed as, the embodiment of the Christian life. The burden of expectation is immense: we want a messiah, not a manager.

Stories of expensive cars, chauffeurs and lavish palaces therefore go against the grain for most people. Yet they have their origins in the misunderstanding that surrounds the office and role of a bishop. In the history of the Church, bishops have often been aligned to the prevailing cultures of power. The past has seen bishops, as the leaders of the Church, conflated with more secular forms of authority: princes with lands to match, generals in charge of armies, or even feudal lords. Thankfully, few of these trappings survive today. Yet bishops still find themselves linked to the normative modes of organisational power that operate in a secular society. Pre-eminent among these is that of the chief executive, presiding over other managers, who in turn regulate clergy and laity alike. Given the multifarious demands on bishops today, this is not particularly surprising or scandalous. Running a diocese is a major task. A good manager at the helm is a better bet than a saint. At least that is the view of the diocesan auditors.

Yet public unease persists. Surely, bishops should be the best at prayer, the soundest of pastors, the most spiritual, the most scholarly of all? Can't the managers manage, and leave the ultimate spiritual leadership to the clergy called to that task? It is a simple enough argument, but it ignores the cultural history invested in the office of bishop. Furthermore, it panders to a contemporary culture that often expects too

much from individuals, and not enough from institutions. This same culture demands that saints and gifted leaders will rule and wield: heroes and icons. Instead of power being dispersed in the Church through synods, laity and clergy, it starts to become channelled and concentrated into a single office.

It need not be like this. In the New Testament, a bishop was simply an "overseer", responsible for an area, a group of churches and their clergy. In such churches, authority was often localised, power shared, and not nearly so much demanded from its leaders. St Paul expressed the simple hope that such people would be "the husband of one wife" and "not given to too much drink". Management skills are not mentioned. And neither, for that matter, are saints.

Being a bishop today is an almost impossibly demanding task. On the one hand, there is an almost mayoral role to fulfil — a vast range of civic, public and sometimes political duties. On the other, there is the incessant round of confirmations, parochial visits and clerical work. They have to represent the traditions and views of the Church and not alienate their constituencies; at the same time, they have to articulate faith and values in

## Society still demands shining beacons of light

a way that is public and inclusive. They do all this, only then to get criticised for sitting on the fence.

The demanding double-bind of diplomacy coupled with directivity is not easy. The provision of leadership while keeping the peace is certainly tricky. Being prophetic while providing pastoral oversight is almost incompatible. Bishops have to call the Church to take risks, but also to play it safe; to go forward, yet respect the past. It is a task that any potential leader might be wary of. Yet that is precisely where the rhetoric of careers and management gives way to that of service and vocation.

St Augustine was a reluctant celibate, and an even more reluctant bishop. More than most, he understood how corrupting power could be, especially in the episcopacy. "For you, I am a bishop," wrote Augustine to his people, "but with you, I am a Christian. The first is an office accepted, the second a grace received; if one a danger, the other a safety. If then I am gladder by far to be redeemed with you than I am to be placed over you, I shall, as the Lord commanded, be more completely your servant." That, quite simply, is the see of faith.

The Rev Canon Dr Martyn Percy has just published *Power and the Church*

# BREAKING THE CHAINS

## Jubilee 2000

Jubilee 2000 is a coalition of over 70 organisations who have joined forces to mark the Millennium in a meaningful and positive way — by pushing for the cancellation of the unpayable debts of the poorest countries. For many years these spiralling debts have crippled third-world countries, depriving their people of basic resources like healthcare, education and water and causing political unrest. All next week in the *Guardian*, we will be highlighting the cause of Jubilee 2000 and explaining why your individual support could help break the chains of debt — and have a truly global impact.

# All next week in The Guardian

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سكنا من الامل



Digital broadcaster aims to lure Middle Britain with low-cost package

# TV set for price war

Chris Barrie, Media Business Correspondent

**T**HE prospect of a price war between British digital broadcasters began yesterday as British Digital Broadcasting began its long-awaited campaign to woo City investors by unveiling plans to conquer Middle Britain with low-cost pay TV.

In its first detailed presentation to the City, BDB, the consortium owned by Carlton and Granada to run digital TV in terrestrial form, promised it would respond to any attempt by competitors to muscle in on what it regards as its home territory, the 12 million homes in Britain that have resisted offers from pay-TV companies such as satellite broadcaster Sky and the cable companies.

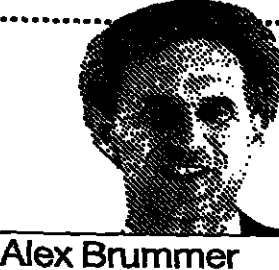
Promising that its low cost structure would enable it to break even with only 2 million subscribers, BDB chief executive Stephen Grabiner said the company would make profits of more than £100 million with 3 million subscribers, and £250 million with a 5 million take-up.

BDB will offer a core package of 12 channels underwriting Sky's "big basic" offer and many cable mini-packages. The company will have three premium channels — one sport and two movie channels from Sky.

Mr Grabiner said: "I have no desire to encourage other people to create a price war... but if others decide they want to enter our pitch, we shall defend it. This [Middle Britain] is our market."

Brushing aside suggestions that BDB had been forced to cut its prospective revenues substantially by reducing the price of its basic package from £12 a month to under £10, Mr Grabiner insisted £10 had always been an important price point in the group's marketing plans.

## London summit must take action

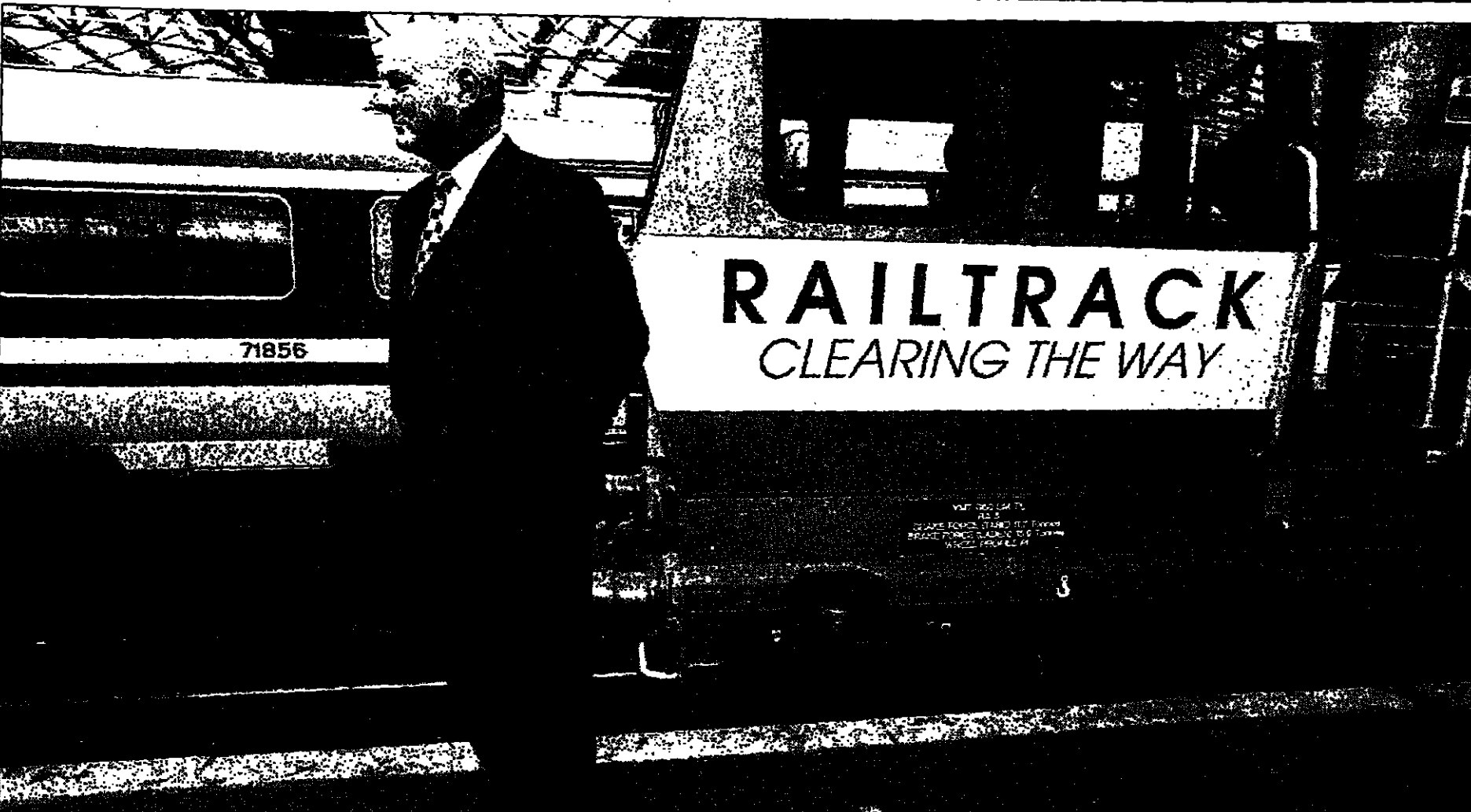


Alex Brummer

**T**HE series of financial meetings which begin in London today and culminate in the Group of Eight summit in Birmingham next weekend are the most important for more than 10 years. Finance ministers and their heads of government need to give political bite to three separate but overlapping problems. Most critically they must turn their guns on prime minister Hashimoto of Japan. Unless he is able to deliver rapidly on Japan's promised stimulation package and financial reforms, he risks creating a balance-of-payments crisis with the United States and puts all the work which the International Monetary Fund has so far done in East Asia in jeopardy. Every time the yen or the Nikkei shudders, so does East Asia.

Second, the discussion needs to produce ways of giving increased political legitimacy to the work of the IMF. The Fund has made mistakes in the handling of East Asia, but its ability to ride the rapids of the region have been hampered by the lack of democratic input. Finally, finance ministers now recognise that the critical test of the legitimacy of the IMF and World Bank will be bringing the world's poorest countries to the point of a debt wipe-out by the year 2000. Despite reservations at the IMF and in some finance ministries, notably in Germany, debt relief in Africa must be a priority. Until that happens, any hopes of lifting these countries out of the mire will have to be abandoned at enormous social and political cost.

## Railtrack turns over new leaf



**R**AILTRACK yesterday revealed its ultimate weapon against the autumn scourge of leaves on the line, but agreed that it might not work, writes Keith Harper.

There was not a leaf to be seen at Waterloo as Brian Mellitt, Railtrack's director of engineering (pictured above), boarded the "Leaf-buster" — officially called a Multi-Purpose Vehicle.

Awkwardly clutching the torch branch of a tree, he conceded: "These new machines are not a cure for leaves on the line, but will give Railtrack the flexibility to make great strides in keeping the tracks clear."

Railtrack has ordered 25 "Leafbusters" at £1 million each to patrol the network. They may not be perfect, but they are versatile. High pressure water jets will remove the leaf mould while a sticky, gel-like substance called Sandite is squeezed on the track to help adhesion.

Mr Mellitt said: "Leaves will always fall on the line, but the new machines will help us keep the tracks clear and make autumn travel more punctual. Trains slipping around in the autumn is no joke. It's like a car driver having trouble with his brakes on an icy road."

The machine has other attributes which were not displayed: nozzles to lay de-icing fluid and steel scrubbers to tackle ice. Nor was there any sign of its wanted spraying arms and chemicals to kill weeds, or fire lances and water tanks to douse lineside fires. They have still to be fitted, but a Railtrack official who has seen them in operation confided: "They are a terrifying sight."

## Anti-trust lawsuit looms for Microsoft

Mark Tran in New York

**M**ICROSOFT could face an anti-trust suit next week, barring a last-minute settlement with the Department of Justice. A two-hour meeting this week between Microsoft chairman Bill Gates and Joel Klein, head of the anti-trust department, failed to bridge the gap. There is no question of breaking up Microsoft, which controls 90 per cent of the market for personal computer operating systems. Nor is the Justice Department likely to try to block the introduction of Windows 98 next month. It is likely to seek a preliminary injunction or other court order forcing Microsoft to offer a version of Windows 98 without an Internet browser. The government will also seek to stop business practices considered anti-competitive. Microsoft has argued that it should have the right to innovate and that any government action threatens to damage the entire PC industry and the US economy. This week, Mr Gates staged an elaborate event in New York, where Windows 98 was put through its paces and executives such as Compaq echoed Mr Gates' warning of doom. Shares of Microsoft have dropped about 16 per cent from its April 22 record of \$98.75. But a showdown seems inevitable. The lawsuit, expected to be filed in the US district court in Washington, will allege broad violations of anti-trust acts and rely heavily on evidence from Microsoft competitors, notably browser company Netscape.

## MP seeks inquiry into Rolls battle

Nicholas Bannister, Chief Business Correspondent

**A** SENIOR Labour MP yesterday called for a government inquiry into the battle for control of Rolls-Royce Motors. Gwyneth Dunwoody, who chairs the Commons transport select committee, said she would call on Margaret Beckett, the Trade and Industry Secretary, to investigate the sale of the company, which is based in her Crewe and Nantwich constituency. The sale process had become a farce, she said. "It is bizarre that the major remaining car company in British ownership should be embroiled in a dance of death between two large German companies and a British owner, without any British alternative coming forward."

## EMI and Seagram fail to strike chord

Lisa Buckingham City Editor

**R**ECORD company EMI disclosed last night that takeover talks with the Canadian drinks and movie group Seagram had collapsed. Although the admission came after the stock market closed, shares sagged by 2p to 57p. Speculation forced EMI, which handles artists such as the Rolling Stones, the Beatles and Chumbawamba, to disclose it was in negotiations. But insiders hinted that chairman Sir Colin Smeeth had only prepared to sacrifice the company's independence at the highest price. A statement from the company last night said that despite discussions over "several weeks" no offer had been received. EMI, which had not identified its suitor, said it was no longer "willing to let the uncertainty continue". Talks ended abruptly only two days after the Dutch electronics company Philips actively put its 75 per cent stake in PolyGram, the music and movie group, on the market. Although Philips is still offering "all options", PolyGram — home to recording artists such as Pulp and behind films such as Rowan Atkinson's Mr Bean — is an even more tempting prize for Seagram's ambitious boss, Edgar Bronfman. Both music groups have been caught by the slow-down in demand for music around the world and the fall-out from Asia's economic crisis. The crucial US market has also been undergoing a costly shake-up. Few industry executives believe this is the end of the takeover story. EMI is now seen as "in play" and several predators, including Disney, Germany's Bertelsmann and Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation, are rumoured to be interested. A bid for EMI could cost £7 billion and the acquisition of PolyGram would be even more costly.

## \$10m fraudster gets 10 years

Dan Atkinson

**S**COTTISH fraudster Donald Bickerstaff was sentenced yesterday to 10 years in prison for swindling American investors out of more than \$10 million. Bickerstaff — whose victims included a blind woman and her dying husband — was given the stiffest penalty available under federal law. "I don't think he cares about anything except his own greed, his own lifestyle, his own ego," US district judge Fern Smith said in her San Francisco courtroom. Bickerstaff, from Barrehead, Renfrewshire, smooth-talked his victims out of their money. Assistant US attorney Robert Crowe said: "He's completely heartless, without any of the qualities that separate us from animals." Bickerstaff fled the US last August, leaving behind a wife and two children, as civil suits and federal regulators closed in. After travelling to Britain, where he would have been protected from extradition, he returned in October and turned himself in.

## IMF chief says change needed

Alex Brummer

**T**HE managing director of the IMF, Michel Camdessus, yesterday proposed a radical shake-up of the governance of the global economy as part of an effort to give greater political weight to its work in the wake of the East Asia crisis. Speaking before today's meeting of the Group of Eight finance ministers at Lancaster House, he argued that it was time for changes in the IMF's structure "which would make more explicit the tie that binds them to the governments they depend upon". During the still smoldering crisis in East Asia, the IMF has increasingly found itself the target of political criticism in the region and among its shareholders for the handling of the stabilisation methods. By involving the IMF's main shareholders more closely in decision-making, he hopes to strengthen the hand of the Fund in dealing with the countries concerned. Mr Camdessus said it was time to brief finance ministers on the world economy and the Asia crisis, told the Royal Institute for International Affairs that the first step was to "revitalise" the interim committee — the IMF's main policy-making body. Mr Camdessus suggests that finance ministers follow up a proposal by their French colleague, Dominique Strauss-Kahn, to convert the committee into a decision-making council.

## New Jersey wants a slice of Big Apple

Mark Tran in New York

**T**HE New Jersey Stock Exchange. It doesn't quite have the same ring as the New York Stock Exchange, the world's most famous stock market, squeezed into the narrow confines of Wall Street since the Civil War. But New Jersey, nicknamed the Garden State and home to Bruce Springsteen, wants the Stock Exchange to turn its back on history and move across the Hudson river. The exchange this week received an offer from New Jersey officials to build a \$1 billion trading floor in Jersey City. The unproven neighbourhood has little claim to fame except for the fact that Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman preached in a mosque in Jersey City. The blind Egyptian cleric now languishes in prison, convicted for trying to blow up the United Nations and other New York landmarks. New Jersey officials have met Richard Grasso, chairman of the exchange, and made a strong pitch for the Stock Exchange to decamp from the Big Apple. Mr Grasso said the four officials had "very energetically and enthusiastically" tabled plans that could prove "very economically rewarding".

Mr Grasso said his goal was to stay in Manhattan, but left his options open: "We are a global business and we have to position ourselves to capitalise on the growth that lies ahead." New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said: "The New York Stock Exchange will remain the New York Stock Exchange. Everybody has negotiating positions. But I can remember the day that Richard Grasso sat in my office and said 'We will never, ever move out of New York.'"

Alexander Vieira Ribeiro, a British subject, was the senior executive at German-owned TRX Futures, a City firm. He was also fined \$30,000 and ordered to pay costs of \$2,100.



Bruce Springsteen

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS			
Australia 2.515	Germany 2.238	Malaysia 0.47	Singapore 2.60
Austria 19.53	Greece 488.53	Mexico 0.824	South Africa 1.11
Belgium 58.41	Hong Kong 12.39	Netherlands 3.182	Spain 239.39
Canada 2.207	India 55.46	Norway 1.126	Sweden 12.30
Cyprus 0.657	Ireland 1.126	Portugal 268.75	Switzerland 2.35
Denmark 6.87	Israel 6.07	Saudi Arabia 6.06	Turkey 389.130
Finland 6.899	Italy 2.815		USA 1.51
France 9.485			



Price war hits the TV screens, page 11

## FinanceGuardian

## A lesson from the outcasts

Gordon Brown stripped off the straitjacket of diplomacy to meet the victims of Asia's crisis — and deliver a pointed message to the politicians. MARK ATKINSON flew with him

TEN minutes from the gleaming skyscrapers of downtown Jakarta, Gordon Brown is finding out for himself what life is like for those at the sharp end of the Asian financial crisis.

Three days of shuttle diplomacy has brought the Chancellor to the ramshackle slums of the Indonesian capital, where the street vendors are frying greasy battered fritters over open sewers (he must have been dreading being offered one to try).

The grinding poverty of Kallanyer, with its stifling heat and humidity, brought home to Mr Brown more than anywhere else on the trip the human dimension of the domino-like crash which has toppled one economy after the other in the region.

The trip was crammed into a gap in his diary between the drama of last weekend's Euro summit and today's meeting of the Group of Eight finance ministers to discuss the lessons of the past 10 months.

It reinforced for him one of the most important conclusions to have emerged — the need to accompany harsh but necessary International Monetary Fund reform programmes with adequate social provision to alleviate the distress they can cause.

Hence his belief in the need for greater co-operation between the IMF and the World Bank.

The visit rounded off 60 hours spent mainly gladhanding politicians, schmoozing with businessmen, listening to the complaints of union leaders and delivering speeches in air-conditioned splendour.

Mr Brown arrived in Seoul on Monday in the wake of the worst riots since President Kim Dae-Jung was elected at the turn of the year.

He met the president and the governor of the central bank and attended a reception for the leaders of the "chaebol" (family-owned conglomerates), before having dinner with the finance minister.

On Tuesday, he was up early for a breakfast meeting with union leaders, some of whom were responsible for orchestrating the riots which, it is feared, herald a summer of discontent. (The British Embassy would have preferred the meeting not to have gone ahead; Mr Brown insisted that all sides had a right to be heard.)

Mr Brown was encouraged by the fact that Korea's reform-minded president has a popular base, that the unions have kept their part of the tripartite deal signed on February 8 with the chaebol and the government by agree-



It's Wednesday, it must be Jakarta... Mr Brown sought a contrast from the sanitised surroundings in which he had been meeting politicians and businessmen when he visited the impoverished people of the Kallanyer slum district

PHOTOGRAPH: REUTERS

ing to relax legal constraints on lay-offs.

But Mr Brown and his officials were concerned by the obstacle to progress presented by the chaebol and their deeply-embedded culture of crony capitalism.

Unless that can be overcome, said a senior British government source, the country faces 10 years of economic stagnation — not unlike Japan's recent experience.

Mr Brown believes part of the solution will be more

openness and transparency. If these disciplines had been in place to start with, the chaebol might never have been able to get into the sort of dire financial situation, laden with bad debts and bankrupt businesses, that they are now in.

From Korea, Mr Brown's entourage flew via Singapore, to Malaysia.

The Chancellor arrived in Kuala Lumpur late Tuesday, amid heavy rain and lightning, and went straight to an airport hotel for another hectic

round of meetings, meals and press conferences.

First he saw the deputy Prime Minister, Ibrahim Mahathir, who could not find the time to greet a representative of the evil West, before dining with various ministers, meeting the press, and grabbing a few hours sleep.

He was up at dawn for breakfast with businessmen, and felt he had gained some understanding of the political dimension of Asia's financial crisis.

Malaysia has managed to avoid the worst of the crisis without suffering the humiliation of going cap in hand to the IMF, but it has not escaped unscathed.

The state-directed New Straits Times reported on Wednesday that Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad, who blames the crisis on Western speculators, had urged Malaysians to "mobilise their dormant cash and valuables to replenish the country's capital", halved by the depreciation of the ringgit.

Mahathir remains hugely popular with his people, but he is also seen as the chief obstacle to the pace of the economic reform which might in the long run enhance their prosperity.

He appears to hold a curious double standard towards foreign investment. While professing that his country is open to "anyone in search of profits", he warns that taking money from the IMF would mean opening "the country to foreign businessmen so that they can do business in this country freely without any restrictions".

How many foreign investors will be prepared to operate in such a political climate?

Not all are scared off. While the Chancellor was in Kuala Lumpur, businessmen from a leading British power com-

pany were also in town seeking to do a deal, according to Western diplomatic sources.

Perhaps they realise that most of the anti-western rhetoric is just that. But it must make them think twice before committing their shareholders' money to such an unpredictable country.

Mr Brown's experience of Malaysia must have reinforced his belief that, like the rest of the region, it needs more openness and transparency — in the conduct of monetary and fiscal policy, in the release of economic data, in the corporate sector and, first and foremost, in its political system.

So on to Jakarta. Mr Brown arrived in Indonesia against a backdrop of escalating student riots, beginning to spread from the campuses to the streets.

He was greeted by the grim news that six people had been killed that day.

Hence his blunt warning to President Suharto, at an hour-long private meeting, that continued repression risked the severance of western financial aid.

Following his encounter with the dictator, Mr Brown spoke to the Jakarta stock exchange on the changes to the global financial architecture that would be needed to pre-

vent a repeat of the Asian financial crisis.

And then on to Kallanyer. Despite the poverty there, it was "the most enjoyable and exciting part of my visit", Mr Brown said. "I saw a mixture of poverty and optimism. Optimism in the faces of the people, alongside the poverty which has disfigured their lives."

In Kallanyer's case, the optimism is due partly to the Third Jabotabek Development project, a World Bank urban improvement programme, which was due to be closed in December 1996.

In response to the crisis, it has been extended and will be

uplicated across the country, according to Stephen Dice, the Bank's urban sector co-ordinator, based in Jakarta.

The aim is to get aid directly to local communities, by-passing government bureaucracy and thereby avoiding the danger of some of the money being siphoned off for other, less legitimate, purposes.

It is designed to be more than a sticking plaster for short-term pain. As well as pumping money in to public works, the project channels funds and advice to community members to enable them to set up small businesses, shops, sewing co-operatives and the like, which may improve their skills and help them stand on their own feet.

A return to stability in Indonesia hinges, however, on President Suharto biting the bullet of political reform.

Otherwise, the economic reforms slowly being implemented — the cuts in state subsidies to industry to make them more efficient, the dismantling of family-run monopolies — risk being swamped by the sort of blood-letting and civil war that brought the president to power 32 years ago.

Western diplomatic sources in Jakarta say that Indonesia, the world's fourth most populous country, is "on the cusp".

The faces in Kallanyer may be smiling at the moment — but for how long?

## Whistlestop tour

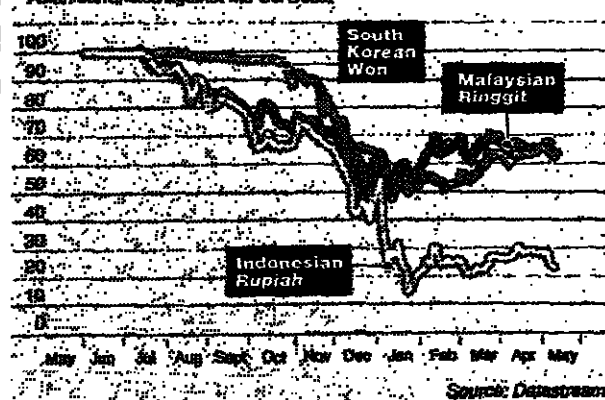
**South Korea:** Population: 46 million  
GDP per head (1996): US\$ 9,700  
Projected growth in 1998 (OECD): -0.2pc  
Bad loans (percentage of total loans): 25-30pc

**Malaysia:** Population: 21 million  
GDP per head: US\$4,370  
Projected growth in 1998 (OECD): 1.4pc  
Bad loans (as percentage of total): 15-2pc

**Indonesia:** Population: 197 million  
GDP per head: US\$ 1,080  
Projected growth in 1998 (OECD): -8.5pc  
Bad loans (as percentage of total): 30-35pc

## Collapsing currencies

Asian currencies against the US dollar



## Quick Crossword No. 8743

WAVE ANCESTOR  
A A A U X Y E  
SQUADRO ACREE  
T L K S C A L  
EXTRA EXTEND  
P L K N O  
UTILITY PLAYER  
L R S E I E  
ASCAL SHIED  
R T L O S D I  
HEARTY PROVERB  
R E E N A L L  
ASTERISK ELSE

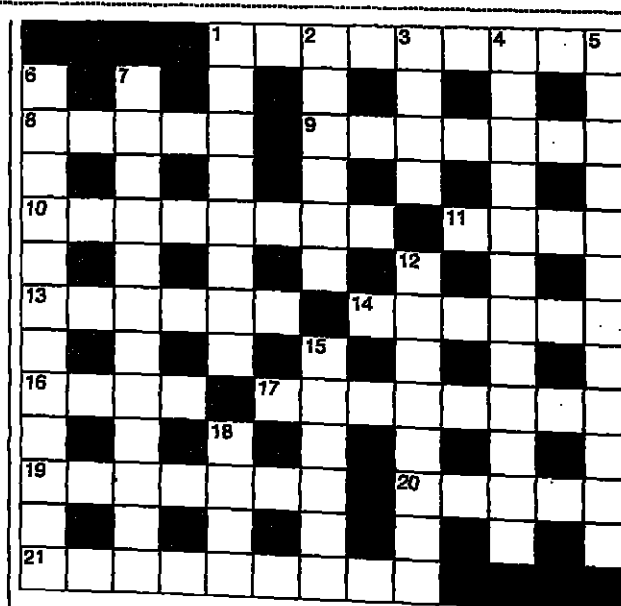
Solution No. 8742

## Across

- 1 Wayfarer (5)
- 8 Furnish (5)
- 9 Held in contempt (7)
- 10 Two-legged garment (5)
- 11 Inactive (4)
- 12 Whole (5)
- 14 Ornamental chain worn above foot (5)
- 16 Vale (4)
- 17 Recall (5)
- 19 Bess (7)
- 20 Country mansion (5)
- 21 Doubting (5)

## Down

- 1 Fabric hangings (5)
- 2 Imbibe (5)
- 3 Cupid (4)
- 4 Professional boxing trophy (5,4)
- 5 A memorable occasion (3,6,3)
- 6 Barometer (7,5)
- 7 Appearing from nowhere (3,2,3,4)
- 12 Entr'acte (5)
- 15 Feverish (5)
- 18 Abandoned — port (4)



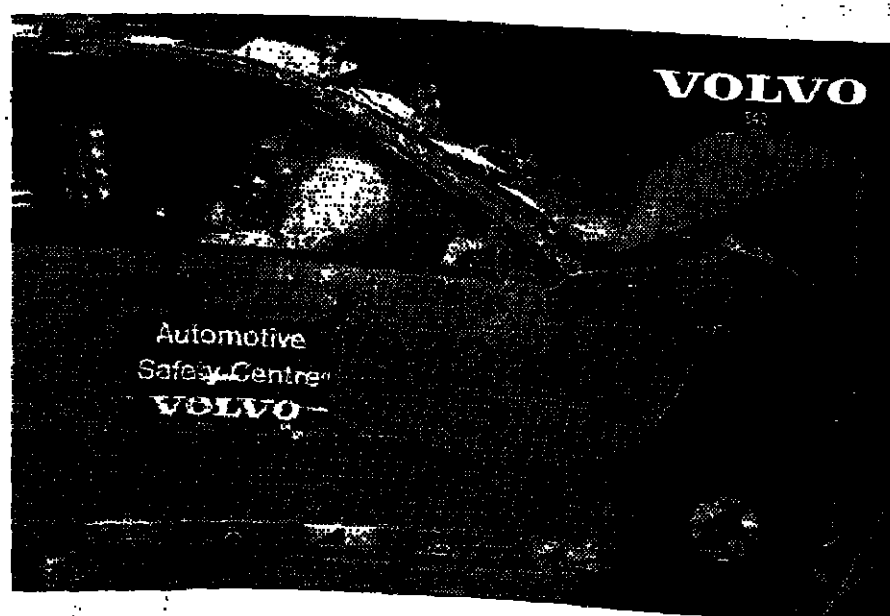
Stuck? Then call our solutions line on 0800 338 248. Calls cost 50p per minute all times. Service supplied by ATG



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Posed, where'd you get those pills? ... are teenage girls getting the right kind of sex education from schools and doctors?

# A bitter pill to swallow

Should doctors prescribe the pill to under-age girls?

Yes No

Melissa Roske  
Agony aunt

Adrian Rogers  
Doctor

**Dear Melissa Roske,**  
Twenty years ago, the number of teenage pregnancies was beginning to rise. I was the doctor to girls in care and used to put 15 year olds on the pill in the hope of protecting them from pregnancy. I even wrote about it in my own "agony" column. I believed I was right!

Back then, the number of sexually active 12-15 year olds was comparatively minute. Today most UK doctors provide contraception in confidence, irrespective of age, to 90,000 girls under sixteen in addition to at least 15,000 post coital pills.

Despite all this contraception, however, we still have rising pregnancy and abortion rates. We are fast returning to the cultural exploitation and child neglect of the mid 19th century.

History shows we created childhood with care and by force and protected our children successfully for decades, only recently to abandon and neglect them to a vastly more degenerate society. You must accept that neither easily available contraception nor sex-education has worked.

Contraception often fails and it cannot protect from sexually transmitted disease like chlamydia or from cervical cancer (strongly associated with sex before age 17 and also with multiple partners).

In providing contraception, you abandon care, you condone and aid what is still unlawful sexual activity. At worst, a form of sexual abuse and at best, parental neglect.

I stopped prescribing contraception because I realised children deserved proper care. Contraception merely perpetuated and even encouraged the neglect.

The recent past has failed. Why not join the cultural revolution to work for a more caring future?  
Dr Adrian Rogers  
General Practitioner

**Dear Dr Rogers,**  
In an ideal world, teenagers would wait until they are emotionally ready to have intercourse. They would have access to sex education in schools (which does not lead to earlier or increased sexual activity, by the way) and talk to their parents about sex. They would also feel safe enough to speak with their GP, who would offer non-biased, non-judgmental advice. Sadly, none of these "ideals" is today's reality.

As many as one in three teens have intercourse before the age of 16. While it's true that the number of under-16s having sex has increased over the past two decades, the teen pregnancy rate actually fell as soon as contraception became free on the NHS in the early 1970s. The numbers rose in the 1980s when issues surrounding confidentiality came to the fore. Teens were afraid to speak to their GPs, for fear of being "found out" by their parents.

Instead of receiving the information they needed to prevent pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), they were scared. As just 17's agony aunt, I receive thousands of letters from teens, telling me how confused they are about sex. Besides feeling pressured into it, they don't know how to deal with the consequences. That's why it saddens me that you won't prescribe contraception to teenagers. (Thankfully, they can get it free at their local family planning clinic.)

Dr Rogers, ignorance isn't bliss. Adolescents who are knowledgeable

about contraception are more likely to protect themselves from unplanned pregnancy and STDs. If you really want to provide a "caring future" for teens, you would prepare them for life's realities, not keep them in the dark.

Cordially,  
Melissa Roske  
Agony Aunt, Just 17 magazine

**Dear Melissa,**  
I can't believe you continue to hold these old-fashioned views! Your ideal world is here already! Teenagers do have access to sex education, most do talk to their parents and the vast majority of GPs positively encourage contraception, free and in confidence. People like me are currently a tiny minority.

The trouble is that this liberal approach, however well intentioned, has simply not worked. From your own experience and postbag you write that "thousands of teens are confused, feel pressured, and can't deal with the consequences". So why make things even worse?

Nobody is suggesting ignorance is the alternative. It will not be as easy as that. What is really needed is a culture where parents supervise and influence their children more, where under-age sex is recognised as wrong, foolish and dangerous and where the whole of society agrees. Other cultures can do this so why should not we?

It's time for change. One that enlightens teenagers and stops the message that contraception is the panacea. We need to tell teenagers the truth about cervical cancer, the loneliness and difficulty of single parenthood and show them evidence that early sex harms the chances of long-term relationships. It's time we punished those who would abuse young girls.

I accept that this is an ideal, more difficult than prescribing the pill, and that it takes more courage and determination. But change will come and even agony aunts will have to change their tune. Yours in deep concern,  
Adrian

**Dear Dr Rogers,**  
If my "ideal world" is in full swing, why am I still getting letters from teens asking if it's possible to get pregnant the first time they have sex, to catch Aids from a toilet seat, and whether "doubling with 7-Up" flushes sperm out of your body?

These questions are the direct result of a "keep 'em in the dark" policy when it comes to sex education. No wonder 86,000 teens in England and Wales became pregnant in 1996 — they were too busy douching with 7-Up!

Don't get me wrong: I don't condone giving out contraceptive pills like favours at a children's birthday party (I'd at least throw in a few condoms to help protect teens against sexually-transmitted infections, including HIV). And of course I agree we should harshly punish those who abuse young girls. But your vision for a utopian child is naive at best. The "whole of society" can't agree on anything, let alone how to educate our children!

What will work is education. (Including vitally important Aids

education). Research has shown that sex education in schools tends to delay sexual activity, not promote it. Moreover, increasing the availability of contraceptive clinics services for young people, including counselling sessions with a trained health-care practitioner, is associated with reduced pregnancy rates and greater awareness of STDs.

Parents must also play an essential role in educating their children about sex, to help break the "babies having babies" chain. The problem is, if they can't or won't oblige, who is left to pick up the pieces?

Yours in Girl Power,  
Melissa

**Dear Melissa,**  
Girl Power gives me the creeps, especially when based on the misconception that all you have to do to prevent teenage pregnancy is provide facts about conception, HIV and condoms! Incidentally, condoms are pretty unreliable at preventing pregnancy, let alone preventing HIV transmission.

Teenagers have had the condom culture thrust down their throats. Sex education ad nauseam, magazines full of little else. Education alone has just not worked. A lot of it is bad, permissive and often puts a one-sided view.

Agreed, older teenagers need reliable unbiased information — younger children need protection; we have failed to provide both.

I started where you are today, over 20 years ago, but at least I have been able to adapt and am prepared to admit I was wrong. Your values have failed to empower girls and failed to protect the weakest members of society. We must change.

Yours hopefully,  
Adrian

**Dear Dr Rogers,**  
What's wrong with Girl Power? If nothing else, it encourages young women to stand up for themselves and make informed choices — especially when it comes to their reproductive rights. Unfortunately, without solid information and sympathetic counselling from open-minded GPs (unlike yourself, I'm afraid), girls will be kept in the dark and the babies-having-babies chain will continue. Is that really what you want for your "ideal society"?

Sure, it would be wonderful if teens could communicate with their parents and benefit from their advice. It would be even better if they didn't feel pressured into under-age sex. But they do, and it's a fact of life in the nineties. Yes, society does need to change its approach to this issue. But change can only come about by working to ease social pressure to have sex, not simply closing our eyes and hoping for the best. Say what you will, but a 15-year-old girl with a baby in her arms causes me more concern than a 15-year-old with a condom.

Please think about what I've said. I won't get you to change your mind, I know. But you might consider offering more realistic alternatives to the current problem, rather than passing judgment. Yours faithfully,  
Melissa

## Smallweed



### A PEDANT WRITES:

In the welcome absence of Smallweed, I would like to say a few words in defence of pedantry, so often and so unfairly disparaged within this space. In more enlightened times than our own, pedants, of whom I am proud to be one, were valued as they deserved. The downgrading of intellectual pursuits, and the linked exaltation of rock music, sex, and other trivial blandishments, means that scholarship is publicly slighted by flibbertigibbets like Smallweed.

I digress at this point to explore the origins of the curious word flibbertigibbet, with those menacing final syllables, evoking an engine of retribution on which in a more civilised world than ours, certain newspaper columnists might well have ended their days. At first, this word extended no further than flibbertigibbet, a mimicking of the sound of meaningless chatter. The ending gibbet developed much later.

Let me now draw your attention to an essay by William Hazlitt, one of those writers whom Smallweed praises, though with little indication that he has done more than skim this writer's works. Even then (the early years of the 19th century), he felt it necessary to lament the new distinction between pedantry and learning: terms which had once been synonymous. "The power," he wrote, "of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuits,

in which our whole attention and faculties are engaged, is one of the greatest happinesses in nature... He who is hot in some measure a pedant, though he may be a wise, cannot be a very happy, man."

There was a time, Hazlitt insists, when writers and readers assumed that he or she who wrote knew more, and was wiser, than he or she who read. "The good old Latin style of our forefathers, if it concealed the dullness of the writer, at least was a barrier against the impertinence, flippancy, and ignorance of the reader..." The essays in the Tatler and Spectator were among the first instances of a mutual understanding between the writer and the reader. This new style of composition, says Hazlitt, "mitigated authors into companions, and compelled wisdom to submit to the soft collar of social esteem." These words were written long before the invention of popular writers like Hunter Davies, who like to address their readers in much the same tones, to this pedant's ear, much as yob speaks to yob in a pub.

The master concludes with a moving invocation of an alchemist in his cell. "We see him sitting fortified in his prejudices, with... his alembics; smiling at disappointments as proof of the sublimity of his art, and the earnest of his future success; wondering at his own knowledge and the incredulity of others; fed with hope to the last gasp, and having all the pleasures without the pain of madness."

Smallweed interrupts by e-mail: Don't you think you should explain, for the benefit of non-scientific readers like me, the meaning of alembic?

The pedant scornfully ripostes: It has come to a pretty pass if readers of serious newspapers like this one can be ignorant of such terms. What would CP Scott have said of your proposition?

Smallweed unyieldingly counters: Nothing the slightest bit zingy or snappy, I fear.

The pedant resumes: Similar thoughts occur in the writings of W H Auden:

## Not a house of correction

Ian Mayes  
Open door



A few days ago a respected colleague came up to me in the newsroom and said with some feeling, "That was the most thoroughgoing humiliation I have ever suffered." He was referring to a long correction — relating to a piece he had written — which had appeared in the paper that morning.

This does not exactly make me feel good, particularly since the complainant — the person who featured in the erroneous report — conceded that the fault was not entirely ours, but partly his, a subtlety I was unable to convey in the correction. But the main point remained that the cock-up was 90 per cent our own.

The journalist involved was consulted during the drafting and redrafting of the correction. A copy of the correction was faxed to the person who complained. He faxed it to colleagues in Germany on whom our error was also thought to reflect.

I mention all this for two reasons. One, as an example of a correction that, as it went through its various amendments, needed quite a lot of time to sort out, time therefore that could not be spent on things which I necessarily deemed to be of lower priority. The other, the main reason for mentioning it, is as a partial reply to those readers who get in touch with me from time to time demanding blood. What, they

want to know, happens to the people who make all these mistakes? Is anyone ever disciplined, fired, executed? Well, not really, or perhaps I should say, not as far as I know. The daily column that appears on the Obituaries page is called Corrections and Clarifications, not Crime and Punishment. The aim is to focus on the error or the source of the confusion and it is not a function of the column to pillory the individual responsible for the mistake.

The reaction I just mentioned — the feeling of humiliation, although it is subjective and not intentionally inflicted — indicates the seriousness with which one journalist regarded his inclusion in the column. It's the one spot in the paper that no journalist wants to make, even though it is a deliberate and carefully considered policy (mine) not to mention the names of writers in the corrections column unless, as has happened, they have a special reason for wishing to be mentioned, or if it is difficult to construct a coherent correction without mentioning them.

One particularly hideous aberration did, I know, draw a scuffletter to the perpetrator from the editor. But that, were I asked, would have to be for what was probably the worst of our sins during the past six months (I don't intend to re-run that one).

It is entirely up to the editor and those in charge of the Guardian's multifarious editorial parts whether or in what way they react to corrections. Those readers who cry for the guilty to be punished might try placing themselves in the position of the journalist who finds his or her work corrected, or criticised in some way in one of these weekly columns. To put it another way, how would you like it?

I believe that this kind of self-regulation is only possible through

You need not see what someone is doing, to know if it is his vocation. You have only to watch his eyes:

a cook mixing a sauce, a surgeon making a primary incision, a clerk completing a bill of lading, wear the same rapt expression, forgetting themselves in a function...

There should be monuments, there should be odes... to the first flaker of flints who forgot his dinner, the first collector of sea shells to remain celibate...

What a wonderful poem this is: so much more deserving of space in newspapers than an interview with some rancorous 21-year-old enjoying an impermanent, undeserved fame in the worthless world of popular music, and certainly than the latest lucubrations of Smallweed about Cowdenbeath football club.

A person purporting to be Hunter Davies writes: Don't you think, my old mate, that my obsession with footballers — yup, I admit the lot, I'm guilty as charged, 5,000 similar offences — is exactly the kind of hang-up with some object of love as Bill Hazlitt finds in the alchemist or Billy Auden in that stuff about flaking flakers of flints?

The pedant sternly ripostes: No, I most certainly don't. Kindly leave this column. You are using up my rare and valuable space. I would further adduce...

Smallweed commands by long-distance loudhailer: You have made your point. It is time you returned to the dreamworld where hapless generations lived out their lives without ever having the privilege of listening to the Gallagher brothers or reading Hunter Davies on Spurs.

The pedant retorts: I note that you fear the truth.

Smallweed mainly thunders: Enough. Who invented you, anyway?

## Haunted by fame

page 13 again, they had been forced to lend an ear to one or another of her global indignations. And I was to be no exception.

Adolescents today who don't recognise Christie's name will probably grunt with near-approval when told she was the girl in Doctor Zhivago — you know, the one in the fur hat. When Christie herself is asked these days about Zhivago, all she can remember is that she fell in love with Spain, where it was filmed. Even in 1965, her *amans mirabilis*, she was usually ready to deflate the hype.

"Being on top right now is a fluke," she said. "If I'm a passing fad, I hope it will be over fast — voom!" For a few years, though, after Darling and Zhivago, she did find herself drawn to the Hollywood big time. In 1967, she met Warren Beatty and moved to California.

The Beatty relationship Christie absolutely refuses to discuss. Fiona Walker, a fellow student at London's Central School of Speech and Drama, recalls that "once Julie became famous she helped herself to all the beautiful things in life that she wanted. But lots of the things that Warren liked absolutely appalled her. He lived in hotels. He went in for the full American film-star bit, which she never espoused, to her credit."

Instead, she bought a house in London, and a farm in Wales and shopped extensively for clothes, paintings and antiques — possessions which, some years later, she would give away to her needy artist friends. Did Christie "politicise" Beatty, or was it the other way around? Views differ, and Christie is not saying. One story has it that when she was filming *The Go-Between* in rural England, Beatty joined her on the set. According to her biographer: "The couple visited a nearby pig farm where the process of animal slaughter horrified Christie. Within 24 hours she

declared herself from henceforth vegetarian... Beatty, to everyone's amazement, backed her up: he would never eat meat again."

On her return to England, she was now a left-wing film star activist. Britain's answer to Jane Fonda, and she ridiculed accordingly. Her response was to try to dismantle her celebrity, to turn herself into an anti-star. It was not easy. Celebrity, she said, was "like a nasty dog following me around. But how do I get rid of it?"

The questions she now had to field were more often to do with children than marriage. Her answer was simple: she didn't want to be a mother. "I like to pick and choose what I want to do," she said. "The prospect of being a spinster without any family doesn't bother me at all. I think the ideal way for humans to live is with a group of people instead of in a tiny, closed-off nucleus like a family." And maybe there are echoes here of her pre-stardom life. When Christie became a star, there had to be a semi-rejection of her arty mates, a



separation for which, it could be said, she still tries to make amends. "They and I were one," she told me. "And then suddenly I was made into something that put me in another camp. I had the dosh."

Even today, she speaks of her success in films as if it were some terrible betrayal of the intellect. Most people who meet Christie remark on her low self-esteem. She is not, she will insist, a proper actress — even though, in the nineties, she has re-emerged as a stage actress. Nor is she a proper intellectual — in spite of the Open University degree

course she is currently engaged in. In her hotel suite at San Sebastian, Christie was surrounded by attendants — a hairdresser, a PR person, a festival red jacket — and each was there to serve and soothe the enemy: photographers, journalists and television crews. Yet Christie seemed more relaxed than she had been in London. She had, she said, recovered from Susannah Andler.

She wanted to talk to me, she said, about celebrity, journalists, the death of DI. She had forgotten to bring the Janet Malcolm book and in any case she was now researching the Basque separatist movement: after all, we were in Spain.

Here in San Sebastian, playing the film star once again, her memory — or some unpleasant strand of it — appeared to flicker into life: those days in the spotlight had been a "nightmare". She knew how Princess Diana must have felt. "I knew she was going to die. That's been clear for years. It was like watching a movie made for pervers,

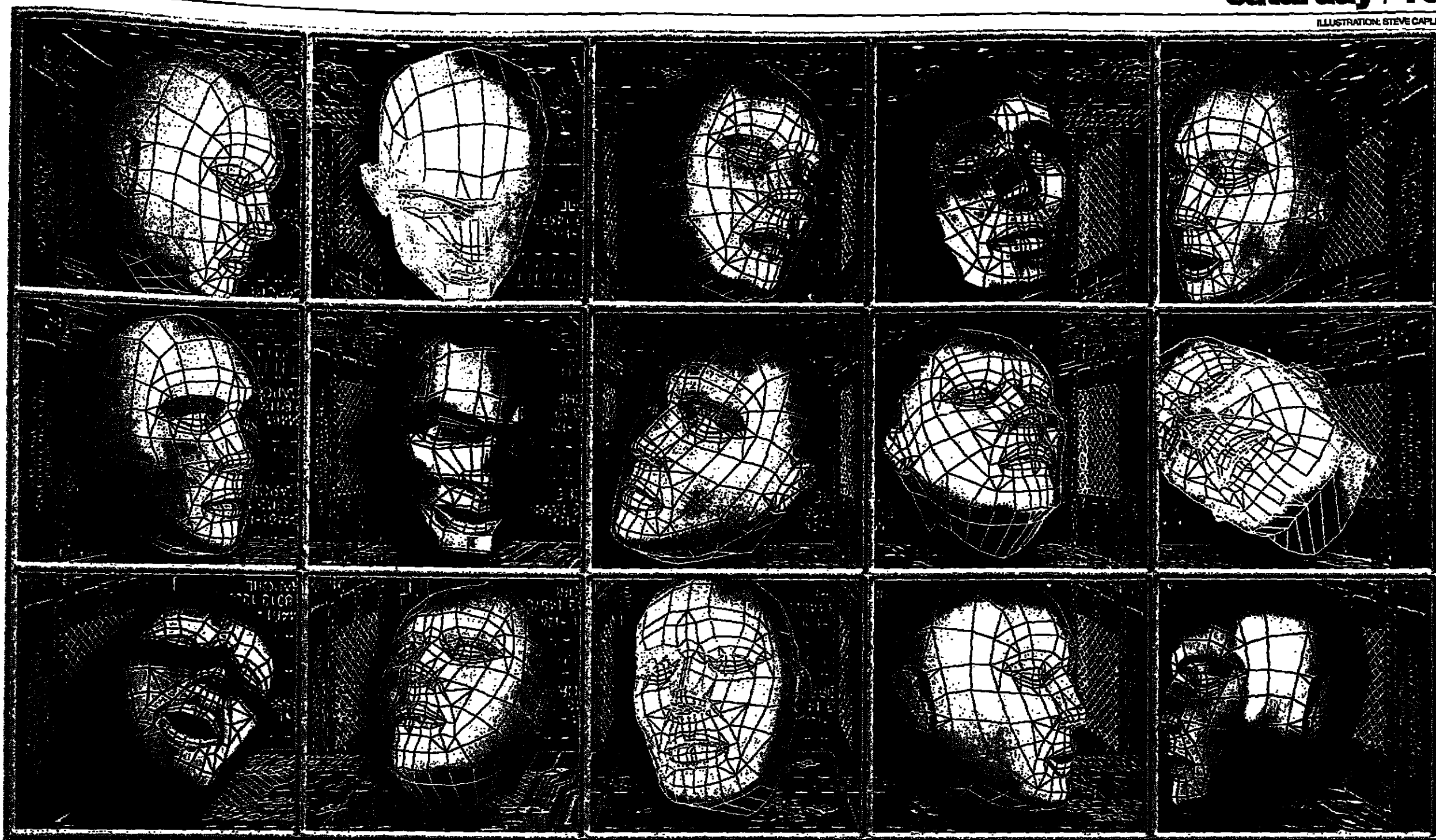
where people paid, and watched, and continued to watch, even though it was quite clear she had to die." Bullied by whom? The press, the press's readers, the whole "totalitarian" machine that we call a democracy. Had I read Milan Kundera? — she had the cutting somewhere — where he said that privacy was "the value we must defend above all others". The daily life of a celebrity in the West was like the daily lives of everyone in what was "the East", (the Iron Curtain countries). Hence her use of the word "totalitarian".

As she talked, she hunted in the knapsack she always carries — a knapsack full of pamphlets, books and newspaper cuttings. She found the Kundera. "Famous people," he had written, "have become like a public resource — like sewer systems." She read it out to me and when she'd done she sat back and half-closed her eyes: another thing job well done.

The Trouble With Money And Other Essays, by Ian Mayes, is published by Bloomsbury this month at £12.50.

سكنا من الامم





# Conversation killer on the Net

**Adam LeBar** enters the world of the Internet chat room where correspondents reinvent themselves and fantasy and reality merge to chilling effect

It is a world of socialising, flirting, potential friendship and dates, emotional support and empathy. A place where acceptance, rather than rejection is the norm, whose inhabitants really do want to talk to you, to write to you, share your problems and maybe, should the words flow smoothly enough, even meet you in the flesh. An almost silent universe, its only soundtrack the gentle click of eager fingers on a keyboard, punctuated by the occasional whirr of a computer hard drive.

This is the world of the Internet chat room, where the lost and the lonely, the secure and gregarious, the tentative and unsure meet in cyber-space. Call it instant e-mail, if you like, where messages tapped out in San Francisco to a stranger in Paris are sent down a telephone line at the speed of light before blazing an instantaneous path across their correspondent's keyboard.

Imagine walking into a party where you know nobody, and announce your presence to receive a warm welcome from complete

strangers. Except that it all takes place down a telephone line. Nobody can see you, so you can be as rich, thin, glamorous, poor, obese and scruffy as you want.

A perfect world then, free of prejudice or unpleasant encounters. Well, not quite.

Last week Larry Froistad became the first person allegedly to confess to murder on the Internet. A lonely computer programmer and recovering alcoholic, Froistad, aged 29, confessed his dark secret on the Web site run by Moderation Management, a self-help group for problem drinkers.

"The people I am mourning the loss of, I ejected from my life," he wrote. "Kitty had to endure going to jail twice and being embarrassed in front of her parents. Amanda I murdered because her mother stood between us."

Not only did he allegedly murder his five-year-old daughter, by setting the house on fire while drunk, he added that he climbed into her room and dropped her where she would die. "Then I went to bed, lis-

tened to her scream twice, climbed out of the window and set about putting on a show of shock, surprise and grief. Part of that show was climbing in her window and grabbing her — then dropping her where she was so she could die and rid me of her mother's interferences." Earlier this month, Froistad pleaded not guilty to murder at a court hearing in Bowman, north Dakota, at a courthouse not far from the twisted remains of his former home.

A cyber-confession of a horrible crime, is an obvious matter for the police. Or so you might have thought. Except that different rules seem to apply on the Internet. The computer keyboard becomes a sort of confidential confessional, where sins may be admitted to an unjudging machine, before being listened to with supportive sympathy by many of those reading chat-room users' outpourings.

A few users of the MM site alerted the police, which eventually led to Froistad contacting his local police. But many others were

shocked that the sanctuary of the chat room had been broken and they denounced those who alerted the authorities to Froistad's confession. The group's leader, a psychologist called Dr Frederick Rogers, sent supportive messages to Froistad.

So what's it really like when you enter a chat group? Perhaps this first stanza from a poem, by Deedee, found on CompuServe's chat room, best sums up the appeal of this strange world where people meet and communicate unbound by normal social mores:

"In a chat room become who ever you wanna/like on a new life and whole new persona/If you are pleasantly plump you can be thin/And if you are a loser you can constantly win."

The poetry is not great, but it makes a point. There are rude, even hostile chat-room users out there in cyberspace, just as in 3-D (as chat-room aficionados describe real life). The first time I logged on to a chat room, one user had to be warned for using the F-word.

Hardly a murder confession, but this user was clearly a regular swearer as his outburst provoked deep cyber-sighs from those present on-line.

There are chat rooms for Jewish singles, for teen trivia, for believers in UFO abductions, cooking and foot fetishism. The etiquette is simple: most sites are monitored by an employee of the company running them, the systems operator, or sysop. Racism, sexism or offensive language will trigger a warning from the sysop. Persistent offenders will have their accounts closed.

Several hours spent trawling Internet chat rooms revealed that while some users can be socially isolated, many have active work and social lives but see their computer screens as a means of overcoming the great problem of urban life in the late 20th century: alienation. What do we all fear most in a social encounter? Rejection, or being made to look foolish. Internet chat rooms have little potential for social embarrassment. You can announce your presence to dozens of strangers. If nobody responds, then just move on, or even log off.

And there is almost always someone who wants to talk to you, a boon not many can boast in 3-D life. No humiliating exits from a crowded room, because you can't see anybody else's reaction.

"People chat to kill time, they don't really care as long as they are talking," writes Kate, a sales person from San Francisco, soon after I log on. "They tell each other things, even confess to things, because they don't know each other."

And then there is Sappho, from Cambridge, who perhaps unsurprisingly announces she is gay. A friend of hers has just been beaten up by the police on a demonstration, she claims, and she is keen to get advice on how to publicise the attack on him.

Meanwhile, Mark loudly announces that "TM SCOTTISH

AND NOT GAY," goading Sappho into replying that "it isn't nothing to be ashamed of".

A lot of my co-workers are gay and they are really nice," chimes Kate. She isn't gay herself, you understand, but it is difficult to meet guys in San Francisco. "I like guys, fine guys, of course," she writes, "but all the best ones either turn out to be a jerk or they are gay."

Mark then confesses he thinks he is a "jerk". Which Kate, who has evidently failed to learn from past errors, finds intriguing. Within a matter of minutes Kate and Mark are discussing how to scan photographs of each other and send them down the Internet.

"Mississippi man" then chips in with the aptly redneck comment that "Rodney King deserves it", in response to Sappho's story of police brutality. By now, the conversation is truly resembling a pub discussion.

"Who's Rodney King?" asks Sappho.

"Is Rodney King gay also?" says Mark.

For those who are not comfortable with the telephone, Internet chat can offer a new means of communicating. "One of the great clichés about our society is how isolated everybody is, but more and more people have computers. There is something about comput-

ers that is so near," Ann Froshang, a therapist, said. It is ironic that while the all-pervasiveness of computers is blamed for making the world a faster, more inhumane place, it is the computer that is also helping to break down those barriers between complete strangers, many of whom have little in common except a modem.

"The Internet is a place where all sorts of things are allowed, although I think it's a pretty schizoid way to communicate," said Froshang. "The danger comes when users employ computers as their only means of communicating, and as a substitute for real face-to-face encounters, with their much deeper prospects of disappointments and rewards."

A chat room when it's really buzzing is like a kind of conversation party. Messages cut across each other, thoughts whizz down the line, and participants home in on those people who sound interesting to them, just as they would in 3-D. The Catholic Church has for centuries recognised the value of opening one's soul to an anonymous stranger in the confessional booth. Now the Internet gives us all, of whatever religion, the same opportunity. To add to that feeling of safety, most Internet chatters use a nickname, or just their first name.

At times the division between cyber-conversation and 3-D becomes so blurred it scarcely exists. "I met my boyfriend through the Internet," writes Erica from the Philippines who has just tipped her way into the chat room.

"You did?" I reply, unable to conceal my genuine surprise. "I met him at an Asian chat room two months ago." So how far has the relationship progressed? "I've seen his picture and he's seen mine too."

Not wedding bells yet, perhaps. But it's a start.

"Wow, is everyone bonding!" says Kate.

Hanif Kureishi's sister says he's betrayed their father. But, argues **Linda Grant**, aren't all novelists told to write what they know about?

## Spinning in the family plot

Philip Roth has remarked, "When a writer is born into a family, the family is finished." Compelling evidence of this phenomenon was produced on Thursday when Yasmin Kureishi, sister of the novelist Hanif Kureishi, wrote to the Guardian complaining that her brother had re-written history and "sold his family down the line". She took issue with what she described as inaccuracies in an interview with Hanif in last Saturday's Guardian. Their grandfather had not been "cloth-cap working-

class" but the owner of three shops; her mother had not been employed in a shoe factory but worked for three months at Russell & Bromley to pay for her daughter's ballet lessons; even her own name had been misspelt.

In Hanif's version of the family history, his father was intensely proud of his son's achievements for he was, himself, a frustrated writer. In Yasmin's, her father was angry when *The Buddha of Suburbia* was published for he felt that his son had "robbed him of his dignity".

Which of these is true? Some of these differences may be misun-

derstandings between the interviewer and her subject, but the argument between Yasmin and Hanif Kureishi goes deeper than this for it addresses the rights of private individuals who are depicted in books, whether fictionalised or not.

Claire Bloom only once interfered with Philip Roth's work, when she insisted that a character in one of his novels called "Philip Roth" could not be given a partner called "Claire". In Blake Morrison's *And When Did You Last See Your Father*, a work of non-fiction, the author changed the names of some

characters to protect their identity, without informing the reader that he'd done so.

It must be strange and infuriating to go through life having people think that because they have read your relations' books, they know who you are and what you came from. To be told, in effect, that strangers know you better than you know yourself, especially if you don't even agree that the "truth" of those fictions is true.

The difficulty is that for much of this century young authors have been advised by their elders

and betters in the literary world to "write about what you know". And if that young author grew up in Bromley, the child of an Asian/British marriage, what should he write about? A sensitive portrait of adolescence in a Republican family in Donegal in the 1930s?

If he does write out of personal experience, does he produce painstakingly accurate portraits of his family in which their every nuanced characteristic is exposed? Or does he use them as models, taking them off

into fictional directions that not only bear no resemblance to the originals but cause offence because readers assume that they are real?

But in arguing for their most precious commodity, themselves and those around them, one cannot ignore the fact that relatives are left high and dry, without the pen and hence without the power to represent things from their own point of view.

When it came to *Remind Me Who I Am, Again* — both a family memoir and an account of my mother's unsuccessful battles with senile dementia and the decisions my sister and I took in assuming control over her life — I would not have agreed to write it at all without my sister's consent, co-operation and commitment. But in writing it, I discovered that each of us had at times quite different ideas about our family's varied truths, and even when we agreed, we might be flatly contradicted by one of our cousins.

In the Guardian interview with Hanif Kureishi, the author speaks of his father with nothing but affection. Yet Yasmin Kureishi feels that he has been dishonoured. She will, she writes, "do anything in my power to ensure that [his memory] is not fabricated for the entertainment of the

public or for Hanif's profit."

To Kureishi, the work he is producing explores contemporary problems of identity. To Yasmin Kureishi, they are merely "entertainment." And worse, her brother is making money out of it.

What rights should families have when they see their lives distorted in the name of art? Is it time to bury the notion that artists are above the rules? Of course, and yet it is hard to identify how writers can continue to produce work that tells us anything meaningful if they are not permitted to draw on their own lives.

There is an ongoing debate about the boundaries between fiction and non-fiction. Seamus Deane's *Reading in The Dark*, winner of the 1996 Guardian Fiction Prize, was originally written as a work of autobiography, but concerned about his family's response, he brought it out as a novel which made it a work of art rather than what is now known as "confessional" writing.

Unlike Hanif Kureishi, I have been fortunate to have a sister who understands the many dilemmas that writing poses. The last words of my book are hers: "But most of all I gave my permission because my sister is a writer and to suppress the impulse to write about the very core of oneself would be an unbearable waste."

*Remind Me Who I Am, Again*, by Linda Grant, will be published by Granta Books on June 11, £14.99.





# arts



## Staring death in the face

John Buckley went to the killing fields of Cambodia to gain inspiration for his art. It took him six years to get over it. **Simon Hattenstone** reports

**S**plinters of stained glass still catch the sun in the arches that used to frame the windows. It was November 1, 1940, when the Nazis flew over Coventry and bombed the life out of the city. The 13th-century cathedral was reduced to a facade, a wasteland, a monument to the futility of war. "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation — neither shall they learn war any more," says one of many plaques. "Just imagine what this looked like at the time of the war," says an elderly American tourist. "Just think what it looked

like before the war," says her friend. They didn't try to reconstruct the cathedral, that would have missed the point. Instead, they built a new cathedral next to it. Forgive me, but never forget. The new cathedral is a hymn to the grey-brown cement of miserabilist modernism. At its far end, in a room that ideally would hold one of those chic transparent lifts that glide up and down stairs, John Buckley is bleeding. His hands are bleeding, his fingers and thumbs are bleeding. Above him hovers a cement crown of thorns. Enough to send an atheist for the nearest crucifix.

Buckley has a hammer in one hand and is prodding a barbed wire sculpture with the other. A group of children on a school trip are watching. "Ooh, what a lovely dog," says one lad. "It's a lion, actually," says Buckley, who looks like a broader, earthier version of Michael Palin. "The lion of Cambodia. It's the national symbol of the country, you see, but I've made it out of barbed wire because that's how I interpret, how I see a country that kills its own people and makes life so miserable for everyone. It's what's called artistic licence. Does that make sense?"

Buckley would have made an inspired teacher, though you could imagine a few parents having a quiet word with the head about his subject matter — a disconcerting broth of politics, surrealism and sexuality.

"It's not a very good lion," says one of the more laddish lads. "Shut up!" whispers a girl with an exaggerated sense of decorum. Buckley continues hammering the lion to its plinth, eavesdropping on the children's conversation with a broad grin.

"Uch that is disgusting," says a serious-minded boy of one of the many artificial limbs circling the room. Artificial limbs made out of tree bark, copper and steel, snapping together like primitive Meccano, adult-sized artificial limbs, kids' sized artificial limbs, artificial limbs with eggs on top.

Buckley's show is called *The Landmines Exhibition*. Simple as that. No attempt to sanitise, to prettify here. The sculptor is a patron of the Mines Advisory Group, a charity dedicated to outlawing and clearing the estimated 60 million anti-personnel landmines scattered around the world. In 1992, the Mines Advisory Group was one of six organisations that launched the International Campaign to Ban Landmines. Today the ICBL is a potent coalition of 750 non-governmental organisations from 44 countries and is largely responsible for the Ottawa Declaration of 1996 that urged a world-wide ban on landmines. Fifty-eight nations are signatories to the treaty, but there are still many — America included — that will not countenance it because of vested political and economic interests.

Buckley breaks off from the hammering to tell me about his time in Cambodia. But first, he says, to understand his relationship with Cambodia, he'll have to tell me about Haiti. And to understand Haiti, he'll have to tell me about the shark.

John Buckley has been a sculptor for 30 odd years. As a child in Leeds he spent much of his time under the chair, shaping weirdness out of plasticine. He went to three art colleges in three years and tells me he was hardly a model student. He found himself a studio in an Oxfordshire cemetery, which he peppered with a pound a year, and began to explore his sense of self and sexuality through his sculptures. He says he just can't help it — he sees sex everywhere. Even in the landmines and shells and grenades of Cambodia. He uses the word *bizarre* frequently, especially of his work, much of which he claims not to understand. A lot of the really bizarre stuff, he says, was inspired by the drugs and hippiedom of his youth.

In 1986, he produced possibly his most bizarre work — a shark that shot through the roof of his friend's house in Oxford. For a year or so, it was the most talked-about sculpture in the world. For the next five

years, it was the most talked about sculpture in the legal profession.

Buckley was becoming more political and less tolerant. America was packing off Cruise missiles to Tripoli, and the shark was his interpretation of what he regarded as the lion to its plinth, eavesdropping on the children's conversation with a broad grin. Unfortunately, the council had just swatted up on loft conversion regulations and decided Buckley was contravening them. The council sued, he fought on, and in 1992 he finally won his case. The shark was allowed to stay, but Buckley was forced to pay costs.

**W**hich takes us to Haiti, Buckley was developing an appetite for injustice. As much as exposing the horrors of autocracy and militarism, he wanted to expose himself. So he took his drawing pad and set off for third world countries to do project work: travel, discover, sketch for a few months and return home with the source material for a new show.

He fluked his way to Haiti. He was trying to get to Cuba but the Armenian earthquake got in his way. Once in Haiti, he told the secret police he was an artist, they snuffed at him suspiciously and ordered him into a hotel rich in leather and decadence — the same place in which Graham Greene wrote *The Comedians*. "I had a safe place. I was in this luxury sanctuary and I could go into the mayhem and squalor of Port au Prince every day. I was inspired. I had my security but could still go out and touch the corruption and the voodoo, Haiti is a disaster, AIDS is rife and the country is full of religious groups trying to convert people to Christianity. I had everything, was wonderful. I sold all my drawings,

and I had this confidence that I could do anything."

Buckley returned home and got involved in the Cambodia Trust, which makes artificial limbs for mine victims. He went to a few meetings and they packed him off to Cambodia. Buckley was expecting another Haiti — poverty, unhappiness, a bit of menace, nothing he couldn't cope with. But things didn't work out as expected.

"The Vietnamese were still there, Pol Pot and his landmines were everywhere at night. It was war time, 1991, and I had nowhere to hide. Even the hotel bedrooms carried a warning: no guns, no ammunition, no grenades. I'd never seen misery like this. Poverty is one thing, but this was absolute fear. You looked into the eyes of the people and they were scared, they were frightened. You were the enemy."

This time, he found he couldn't draw, he couldn't sculpt, he couldn't translate the message from brain to hand. The horror was so literal there was nothing left to interpret as an artist. So he gave up and put his skills to a practical use — he worked in the hospital run by the Cambodian Trust, taking moulds of the end of amputees' legs for fitting artificial limbs. "That's the only thing I could make sense of, the only thing I could do." Not only was he incapable of working as an artist, he was questioning the validity, the purpose of his work.

"I thought I'd go out and do a series of drawings, auction them off, raise money, and take my expenses. But within a few days I realised that wasn't going to happen. I was looking at the pain but had no idea what it was." He talks about how the doctors would yank a child's leg off and throw it out of the window as rubbish, and he felt nothing.

When he left Cambodia after a couple of months, still numb, he bought from the hospital some of the artificial limbs the peasants had made before they managed to get proper medical treatment. They

clogged up his studio for six years until he felt sufficiently distanced to make sense of them as art.

The pieces are a mix of Buckley's own creations and artificial limbs made by the peasants and customised by Buckley. The limb made from tree bark is beautiful and harrowing. The veins and bumps eerily mirror the imperfections of a human leg. It's a wonderful piece of art, I say to Buckley, and immediately feel guilty. "That's just it. They came to make more sense to me as art objects than the things I was doing. My stuff was so uptight and stifled whereas these really make sense as monuments to war."

Now he feels distant enough to interpret Cambodia elliptically — indeed, he is worried the cathedral may chuck out his Satanic cherub of a snake. The most haunting image is of a child's dusty, eroded sandal clamped into steel limbs, an egg serving as a head. By the side of the single sandal is a child's footprint where once there was a leg.

The exhibition causes as complex a reaction in the viewer as Cambodia did for Buckley. I walk around and admire the beauty and cleverness and how the artist's slightest touch transforms human tragedy into art. Then I feel disgusted that I can intellectualise or aestheticise such trauma. I don't know if this is the intention, but it works. And as Buckley questioned his relationship with Cambodia — is it supportive and comradely or exploitative? — so do we.

The exhibition first showed last summer, at the time when Princess Diana was making anti-landmine campaigning a popular issue. She endorsed it with a personal letter, and Buckley says he was about to propose that they install the exhibition at Kensington Palace when she died.

Can art change the world? Buckley says he never used to think so, but he's more confident these days. He says he thought the boy's reaction to the exhibition is great. "His curiosity was fired, he just wanted to ask questions. Kids like that are the ones who are going to change things. They look at things in an honest way."

The children have disappeared from the cathedral except for the serious boy, who is staring at Buckley's carved warrior. "Excuse me," he says, "why's it got a hook for a foot? Is it to clear the landmines? And why is his mouth sealed up like that?" The warrior is about eight foot tall, so thin he's got no bottom, the living dead. Buckley walks round the sculpture with the boy. "Well, you see, most statues show people as heroes, the people who started the wars. But I don't want to make art as a tribute to the people who started war, I want to make it for those who suffer, the normal people. Does that make sense?" The boy nods and walks away, miserably content.



Buckley with his demonic snake, top, and two of his sculptures, made with a child's artificial limb and a fibreglass shark. CHRIS THOMSON

The Landmines Exhibition is at Coventry Cathedral till June 6. To join the Mines Advisory Group phone 01900 628 580.

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# books

Gitta Sereny's aim is to change our perception of child killers. Instead, she exploits one, argues **Andrew O'Hagan**

## But why did she do it?

**Cries Unheard**  
by Gitta Sereny  
393pp, Macmillan, £20

There is nothing more stupid and corrupt than the collective mind of Britain's tabloid newspapers. Nothing more creeping. In a spirit of moral outrage — of common good — they set out to molest the very people who often require protection, sympathy, understanding. And people everywhere put their faith in these mindless crusades. In this fearful era of ours, when the extrapolation of hysterical feeling can seem like an important matter of government policy, there is no room at all for the sympathetic treatment of uneasy cases. The cry of the mob is vicious and total. In full heat it has a degree of what used to be called the killer instinct.

That is something Mary Bell never had. She was just a sickened little girl. Her even sicker mother tried to kill her, and she put her into bed with naked men and whips, and made her feel like nothing, and harmed her so badly. In 1968 the girl put her hands around the necks of two poor infants, and she squeezed. She didn't know what murder was. She thought the boys would be back in time for tea. In terms of human suffering, it would not be easy to think of anyone who had been through more than Mary Bell, not even the boys she killed, nor their families, or the millions of readers who are now shouting about common decency. The people who do so, and who continue to demonise that damaged little girl, and who now pursue her as a woman, and inflict damage on her own child, are tormentors of a more deliberate kind than she ever was. They are adults hurting a child.

Yet it was not the tabloids or the public who exposed the adult Mary Bell to all of this. It was Gitta Sereny. It was a writer who thought Bell's full story would make a great book. It is not easy to understand how she let it happen. Writing the book is a sort of completion for Sereny — a closure on 30 years of curiosity — but it will not be a completion for Mary Bell. For her, and for the daughter she dotes on, the girl who every day redeems something of the married little girl Mary used to be, the business of this book has opened up a whole new nightmare. Reasonably good books are worth something, but they are not worth this.

Gitta Sereny is no novice. She's been publishing long enough in this country to understand publicity and hypocrisy and the price of things. It can only be regretted that she did not reckon the price to be too high in this case. The tabloids, bad as they are, cannot be said to



ILLUSTRATION BY LIZ COULDER

have opened this up. She did, and one can only be astonished that she didn't do more to protect the subject of her writing life, and the precious subject of her subject's personal life.

Mary Bell had once tried to write a book herself. If Sereny was properly interested in the woman Mary Bell — and not in a bestseller — she would have helped her to say what she needed to say in her own book, something she had somehow never managed to say. She would have then used her influence with publishers to get it published, perhaps written an introduction to the book, as is normal in these cases, and allowed Mary Bell the voice she has never had. The best parts of Sereny's book are the parts where Bell speaks for herself. Why did Sereny not see this, and help the young woman to help herself? Why did she not?

Mary's mother spent years sell-

ing stories in the "interests" of Mary. And here, Sereny piously tells us, she warned Mary about the dangers of the book. Warned her? Mary Bell is still a very hurt and confused and manipulative person. Sereny cannot slip her responsibility by speaking of such warnings. She went on from this warning to subject Mary to an ordeal of questions. (One of Sereny's few advisers, Dr Virginia Wilkins, "bluntly" advised Sereny to give up on the effort altogether. "She was concerned over the unrelenting intensity of these sessions which would normally, under therapeutic treatment conditions, have probably stretched over a period of years.") But Sereny, interested in the public good, continued with the questions.

She was not content even to keep her conversations with Mary private, and perhaps, in a less gaudy way, to use some of the material to enrich her earlier book,

*The Case of Mary Bell*, as she had first been asked to do. Her ambition carried her forward — and her hope that the book might change the way we deal with child killers. An admirable goal in itself. But it cannot excuse her deplorable misjudgments. Why did she need to have the book serialised in a newspaper? If she really felt the need to pay Mary, why did she then have to tell people about it? It wasn't her publishers who let this be known. It could have been a private thing, between them. But no. It appears that Sereny couldn't bear the thought that people would think she was exploiting Mary. But she did exploit her. And in ways much subtler, and more severe, than not giving her part of her earnings. Why did she not look out for Mary?

The question of the money is the most important one. Not for the reasons the tabloids think. Not because she shouldn't earn money.

Mary Bell has as much right to earn money from her memories as anyone else. She is a free woman now. It just mocks our system of justice if someone is to be punished to infinity for a crime they served their time on, and which they committed at the age of 11.

The money question is important for two other reasons. The first is that Sereny and her publishers should have known, if they know anything, that the victims would be offended by it, and the papers, and the prime minister even, would follow suit. The life of Mary Bell and her family would be ruined by such a declaration of payment. The second reason is more implicit; it is less to do with journalistic ethics (though it touches on that) and more to do with good writing practice. You don't pay people. When you pay you set up a different kind

of relationship with your subject: they want to please you; you want your money's worth. There is evidence in Sereny's book that this is just how Mary Bell felt.

"I feel bad," Mary says at one point. "I feel I'm letting you down by not telling it in some date order." And on another occasion, as Bell struggles to remember horrible details ("I'm trying, I'm trying"), Sereny notes that she felt as if Mary "was saying I'm trying for you".

By giving her money, and then talking about it, Sereny exposed Mary Bell on two fronts — to public hatred, and to feelings of guilt about not delivering what the author wanted. But Sereny charges on to her high-minded way, determined against all the difficulties, "to tell her story as completely as it could be told, but also to use what had happened to her, and the reactions of others, as an example and a warning".

She thinks all this would be

good for Mary, good for society, and good for Gitta. It may be good for Gitta, and it may help society see how wrong it is to simply punish brutalised children who become brutal. But when it comes to the broken girl herself, when it comes to Mary Bell, *Cries Unheard* is a production which is quite deficient of hearing. Mary wants some money, and she also wants to be normal. "You can't," a less detached author might have said, "you can't have both. So let's not try."

People think they must speak up for Gitta Sereny, as if the enemy of the tabloids must be a friend to literature. They say she is a great writer and a great human being. And that she may be. She could be beyond reproach. All I can say is that this book does not make me feel that way. And Sereny's way of talking, as if she were indeed beyond reproach, does not make it any easier to feel it. This book has value, but not as much value as the lives it threatens to destroy.

Ever the professional, Sereny gave an interview last Saturday to the *Times*, the paper that had spent the week plastering bits of her book over the front pages. "I'm worried that Mary may no longer trust me," she said, "because of what's happened. But she needs to trust me now more than ever. She needs to know she will always be able to rely on me for love and affection." I'll leave it to you to work out whose neediness is being addressed there, Mary Bell's or Gitta Sereny's.

The trouble with Sereny is that she has something of a tabloid mentality herself. She doesn't write tabloid sentences, and her sensibility is bent towards goodness, but she has a sensationalist manner of approach when it comes to questions of other people's moral nature. She blames the dead and the distant — no time for their damage — and takes pleasure in feeling personally close to the people she chooses to write books about. In her book on Albert Speer, we learn that he signed himself, in letters to her and her husband, "your Albert". And here we find her telling us of Mary's visits to her house, her pet name, and Sereny's messianic role in bringing Mary into the realm of truth. And Sereny makes much out of that truth. She shores up her big story in classic tabloid style, opining that what Mary was saying in this book was her "telling the nearest she would probably ever get to the truth". A good way of advertising a story — here it is, final and exclusive — but perhaps not true of Mary Bell.

One day she might find a way to speak up for herself. Tabloids like to manipulate manipulative people. That is one of the things they do. And they like to show hurt people what is good for them. I never thought I'd say it. But Gitta Sereny could give them lessons.

## The sea 1: fish'n'chips

**Fish**  
by Sophie Grigson and  
William Black  
318pp, Headline, £20  
Nicholas Lezard

Anyone trying to get the British to eat fish runs bang into the fact that we don't like them much. "I do profess to be no less than I seem," says Kent to King Lear, "to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, blab blab blab, and to eat no fish." Kent is in disguise when he says this, which makes the whole speech a bit... well, fishy, as we say in this island, surrounded by what 18th-century poets called "the finny tribe", which is enough to put anyone off.

The now-divine Jane Grigson tried to change all this, of course, with her 1973 *Fish Cookery*, revised in 1988 to become *Jane Grigson's Fish Book*. If you don't have a copy, put this paper down now and get one. No, really, I mean it. Got one now? Good.

As you can see, there's enough incidental information in it to be enjoyable without your even having to pretend to be a cook; if you don't mind having to get up for a snack at some point, you can read it in bed. Which you can't do with Sophie's book. It's bigger, glossier, obeying the Kitchen Literature (River Café



Amendment) Act of 1995, which stipulates that all cookery books have to be printed on different-coloured pages and have luscious and appealing photos therein. The blurb on the back also calls Sophie "television's hottest cook", which is not true even if it means what I think it's meant to. But, as Nigel Slater once wearily observed, a chef can't get a book out unless he or she has a telly show — in which case it's large flaming brandies all round.

Not that Grigson and Black's book is a vulgar tie-in or cash-in. They know perfectly well that Jane's work looks over theirs, and admit that their work is designed to complement rather than take the place of JGB. But things have changed a little since Jane's day, and the frankly unexciting prospect of a fish

supper has been good up by the acceptance of Thai, Caribbean and Japanese recipes, which are given their due here.

I tried "Caribbean Fish Curry" on p158. The recipe calls for one cardamom pod, six black peppercorns, half a teaspoon of fennel seeds, four allspice berries and a tablespoon — that's the big one — of coriander seeds all unground. I wimped out on half the coriander seeds and all the allspice berries. Everyone else loved it, but my three-year-old, and indeed this 34-year-old, decided that with a mouthful of spicy gravel we weren't going to be coming back for seconds.

That's my only quibble. The other recipes are inspiring. The authors suggest you take this book on holiday, even though it weighs a ton, because it lists the names of fish in various countries. This is handy, as is the book's organisation, which groups fish into their various types. And fish only touched on in Jane get more space here, eg skate. Jane: "Incidentally do not be put off by a slight smell of ammonia, it disappears in cooking." Sophie/William: "Soon after the fish dies, the urea begins to break down and forms ammonia... Whatever anyone says in any book, or in any circumstance at all, this smell does not go away."

"Anyone's", "any book", "any circumstance at all", I think here we have an insight into a truly heated family quarrel.

**The Sea: Granta 61**  
270pp, Granta, £7.99  
W L Webb

Get them alone off the Essex mudbanks or on a quietish watch in the Western Approaches, and even the noisier yacht-club boxes turn out to know their Belloac and Erskine Childers backwards, their Patrick O'Brian of course (all 12 volumes, twice), or perhaps to have made the big trips with Conrad and Melville. British sailor-writers used to return the interest with interest, though with notable exceptions like Jonathan Raban's *Coasting*, the connection seems to have weakened lately. But now Granta 61 hoves into view, with an issue devoted to the sea.

James Hamilton-Paterson's "Sea Burial", the long, entranced marine meditation which launches this collection, is more Golding than O'Brian, but anyone who has let the salt water get at his psyche could be drawn into this conjuring of the oceanic world: "The sea turns over and over, a geological machine smoothly meshing its gears and grinding up time itself. At night it sparkles with energy."

This rich piece is strung between an account of a discovery at sea, and a discovery in a library. Divers out in the Pacific at night for lobster come across a dead fish-

erman drifting alone in an open boat, which wakens all the seagoers' ancient apprehension of the uncanny. Will it be worse to bury him or leave him? Guiltily, they leave him; and are horrified to run over his boat in the blackness as they return exhausted from a night's illegal diving. (The revenant is an archetypal sea story figure: the dead also rise up from the waves in John Bigney's concluding tale.)

The other "discovery" is of a 19th-century Italian adventure, "shipwrecked eight times in his wanderings", who retired to Arezzo to produce scholarly reflections on the relation between ink, oceans and death — which reflect obliquely on the divers' tale. A Borgesian-sounding character, and sure enough the piece dissolves in speculation about its fictitiousness, though not without leaving behind stains and stirrings in the mind.

The ship is the vehicle that bears the dreamer over the depths of the unconscious," says Jung. Amen, says Hamilton-Paterson, but reminds us also of the urgent practicality of ship-work that has even the most muddle-headed weekend grappling with his knots and diesel spares.

This excellent Granta is strong on those practicalities, with a quite encyclopaedic range, from a potted oral history of John Brown's shipyard to George Rosier's salty mem-

oir of his lightship skipper father, and Belle Bathurst's obituary for lighthouses and the Stevenson family who built almost all the impossibly sited lights around the Scottish coast. Even RLS himself spent three years working with the firm, while a later writer, the poet William Scammell, here recalls an hilarious apprenticeship as a "society" photographer on the kind of grand liners John Brown's built.

Orhan Pamuk's remembering of a childhood spent watching the ships go by in the Bosphorus (and sometimes blowing up spectacularly) is a notable find, and other memorable trips and tricks include Justin Webster's rugged

reportage of life with the Spanish fishing fleet, Philip Marsden's elegy for a rusting Russian monster trawler and its crew, washed up in a Cornish creek by the storms of gangster capitalism, and Neal Ascherson's day out with all the Patriarchs of the shores of the dying Black Sea.

So it will be a pity if the yotties miss this issue of Granta, not recognising the magazine's colours or the cut of its fib — no cover pictures of high-tech racing machines or old clinker-built beauties.

To order The Sea for £2.98 (inc UK p&p) call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0202 600102. Orders received before 24 May will get a free copy of *Ambition* (Granta 56).

### Current CultureShop Bestsellers

	RRP	Our Price
1 <i>Hidden Agendas</i> , John Piger	29.99	26.99
2 <i>Intimacy</i> , Hanif Kureishi	29.99	26.99
3 <i>Stalingrad</i> , Antony Beevor	225.00	221.00
4 <i>The Commissioner Vondra</i> , David King	225.00	220.00
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The Guardian



# Charity ends at home

Intimate? Pathological more like. **Laura Cumming** on Hanif Kureishi's toxic creation

**Intimacy**  
by Hanif Kureishi  
118pp, Faber, £9.99

Let's believe that this book is a work of fiction. Immediately, we won't have to worry about the effect Hanif Kureishi's rancorous tale of a writer who leaves his partner and two small children might have on the family he has recently left. We won't confuse Kureishi with his narrator, the vain, priapic Jay, busily packing the tools of his trade — "a soft pencil and a hard dick" — for a future of sex and literary self-justification. Above all, we won't mind how badly Jay writes because his is only the slapdash prose of a fictional character.

Jay is in a hurry to leave because he wants nothing to tip the moral balance against his decision. Luckily, his children behave exactly like children on the eve of his departure, wetting their nappies, demanding bedtime stories and even biscuits "as though I was a butler". Jay claims they are "God's breath" to him, but still finds them dependably annoying. Their unwelcome mother is worse. Susan returns home weary at the end of a working day, cooks dinner, washes up and then has the insensitivity to ask what flavour of ice-cream Jay would like instead of coupling spontaneously on the floor. Had she known what this error would cost, would she have tried to stay awake for the pleasure?

We shall never know because Jay's portrait of Susan is no more

than an amalgam of vicious insults. She is a "bitch" with a "fat, red weeping face" who nags him about the children, the washing up, the dry cleaning. She foolishly wears herself out with committees and full-time work as a publisher because — double jibe — she was "brought up to please". This ageing Martha thinks she's a feminist, but actually "she's just bad-tempered". At the very thought of her, Jay experiences a short-lived pity for his children. "I can clear out, but they can't."

The excuse for all this toxic bile is, predictably, that it fulfils the demands of integrity. "I want an absolute honesty," Jay writes, "that doesn't merely involve saying how awful one is." But does he ever say how awful he is? That very sentence, with its self-congratulatory, exposes the bad faith that corrupts this book.

For Jay's self-reproach is always an occasion for self-admiration. As he wanders the sleeping house, contemplating the cruel ease of departure, he glances at his gallery of awards, runs a hand appreciatively down his Beethoven CDs, ostentatiously selects "the volume of Strindberg I had been studying". He even flaunts his own refinement in a parting shot at Susan: "If she has any flair she will slash my Vivienne Westwood jacket."

It is just possible that we might give a fig about Jay, if not his wardrobe, had Kureishi bothered to balance brutality with pathos. Jay declares at the beginning that "this is the saddest night because I am leaving", but sadness is entirely alien to this glib and dry-eyed book. Kureishi tries to effect some nuance



Hanif Kureishi... his youthful verve has been replaced by a goading sententiousness

of grief through the voice of Jay's pal Asif, one of those sage alter egos that appear in his fiction. But Asif sounds just as artificial as Jay in his hasty diagram of human feelings. The lowest point in the narrative is an attempt to force poignancy into Jay's last dinner with Susan. "No tomato," Kureishi writes with weary bathos, "ever tasted so insignificant."

As fiction, this is Kureishi's lastest book yet. It rummages through the old polemics against Mrs Thatcher, television, the spirit-sapping world of offices. There is the usual catalogue of drugs taken

and girls bedded, reported here without the energetic cockiness Kureishi had in his youth. That verve has been replaced by a goading sententiousness instead; every day should contain an act of infidelity because without them there's no room for the new; it is better to fear than be bored; too much of everything is as bad as too little. You begin by disagreeing with every proposition and end, like Susan, too tired to object.

Kureishi insists that this is a work of fiction, and he should know. But at its core, *Intimacy*

reads like pure pathology, the rage and boredom and cruelty of a man who has fallen out of love. When Jay says that "there are some fucks for which a person would have their partner and children drown in a freezing sea", the line is surely not an illustration, but the unmediated voice of resentful destruction itself. To pretend that this is part of some larger bid for existential freedom as Kureishi does, underpinning Jay's specious philosophising with references to Sartre, is to tell lies beyond the frame of the novel.

## Motors with lots of poke

**No More Mr Nice Guy**  
by Howard Jacobson  
260pp, Cape, £15.99

**Re Page**

What do you do if it's your job to criticise, if it's in your contract to detract, but most of your limited spleen is vented daily on your partner — a woman who spends all her energy writing "liberated" women's porn novels (just the type you hate) and accusing you of having no sense of humour? The answer: get out.

Only for Frank Ritz, Broadcasting Critic of the Year and hero of Howard Jacobson's fifth novel, it's not that simple. He hates everything: from hotel decor to real ale drinkers, model villages to the "angels of popular rigor mortis" who've turned so much of his England into a TV-authenticated, gift-shop littered heritage trail. Frank's whole life has been spent fleeing the merciless ubiquity of other people's bad taste and taking refuge in the one thing he doesn't hate, the one thing that transcends bad taste — sex.

Fuelled by his new-found, Saab-assisted freedom — a transparent inversion of women's sexual liberation — Frank motors the reader into a relentless, unforgiving landscape of sexual humiliation, reviewed and renewed: communal fellatio in Manchester, hairbrush-aided penetration in Paris, Swedish sex in Oxford, herb-crawling despair in Gloucester. Fantasising about corpulent comedienness, reminiscing about schtupping your best friend's wife,

sex in twos, sex in threes. Sex, sex, sex in a desperate dash to perdition along the A40.

Jacobson has built much of his career on the unlikely hybrid of "high-brow slapstick", Rabelaisian debauchery presided over by an ironic but authoritative voice that ought to belong to a Greek chorus the way it forever invites us to look, laugh and take pity on our lumpen, flaccid protagonist. Yet despite its bristling physical prose and the vitality of the book's perennial rings hollow. Without frequently hilarious other half, Mel, who we abandon in the first chapter, there is little to bounce Frank's prurience against, and nothing to counterpoise his otherwise farcical despair.

Replacement antagonists are considered: a Jo Brand-style man-bater, an easily disgruntled Irvine Welsh caricature, even a Benedictine monk. But Jacobson only allows them walk-on roles in Frank's isolated, internal drama. This wouldn't be such a problem if it really were a drama, but it lacks the prerequisite tension. There are no palpable conflicts to watch unfold, nor is there any engaging uncertainty in the way Frank is resigned from the very beginning to his own abasement.

As in his previous novels, the anger is daring and uncompromising, but it's Jacobson's as much as Frank's, and in seeking first to antagonise readers it gives itself no room to win them back. As for high-brow slapstick, forgive me, but isn't slapstick funny because it's so preposterously low-brow?

## Boyzone love

**Guide**  
by Dennis Cooper  
176pp, Serpent's Tail, £8.99

**Kasia Boddy**

Sweet, tender, devoted, sane, pure — these are not words normally associated with Dennis Cooper's work. Perfect, porn, fantasy, control, dead — these are words that come to mind. *Guide* is the fourth volume in what will be a five-novel cycle. Like the other one-word titles — *Closer* (1989), *Frisk* (1991) and *Try* (1994) — *Guide* explores a rather "specialised world", a "smog-beautified" Los Angeles peopled by teenage boys of a certain type who watch themselves in kiddie porn movies and fantasise about the "finitude" of violent death. "I guess you either fetishise fucked-up young guys or you don't," the narrator tells us in one of the novel's many self-mocking moments.

As before, Cooper employs a fragmentary narrative, but here the first-person narrator, Dennis, a writer, holds things together. Cooper has said that he thinks all his books are essentially romantic, but *Guide* is perhaps the most straightforwardly so. Indeed the novel is really a love letter to a boy called Luke whom the narrator admits, he is "beginning to love in a pure, uncritical, devotional way" and who is forcing him to "reassess his morality".

This reassessment is most obvious in the way that adults are portrayed. Cooper's adult characters have tended to be, in his own estimation, "cartoon figures" — the abusing villains against whom his golden boys had to defend themselves. But here the narrator is definitely an adult, someone who feels responsibility to guide as well as be guided by those he loves. "That's what you'd be reading if I wasn't so deeply fucked up."

Since he is fucked up, however, the snuff movie scenarios of the earlier novels are still there. Everyone in *Guide* is on something — LSD, heroin, ecstasy, speed, marijuana — which distorts and disorients their thoughts and language. When talking about what obsesses them, essentially love and death, Cooper's characters have always had a tendency to resort to "blah, blah" and "etc"; here their drug-induced moods find expression only in pop lyrics or in words such as "zkkkkirump" or "qjmmvdtwq". Because of this interest in disaffected youth, pop culture and violent sexual fantasies, Cooper is often compared with fellow Angelino, Bret Easton Ellis. But while *Ellis* is essentially a social satirist, Cooper, for all his Salinger-esque delight in American adolescent slang, is really the most tortured of romantics, fascinated by the body and language as limits to be transcended as well as explored and violated.

Nicholson Baker's latest work is kids' stuff

## Child of our times

**The Everlasting Story of Nory**  
by Nicholson Baker  
226pp, Chatto & Windus, £12.99  
**Natasha Walter**

Ten years ago Nicholson Baker did something very clever. He published a book about an adult's life that seemed to be told by the adult's inner child. *The Mezzanine* couldn't see the wood, or even the trees, because it was intent — as a child might be — on a few tiny leaves. Baker's urban hero was obsessed with shoelaces, paper bags, plastic straws. He even admitted that he had despaired of growing up any more, because the things that gave him the greatest sense of discovery "were likely to be tricks to applying toiletries while fully dressed" or observations on buttering fresh toast. By taking this childish view of the adult's world Baker did something new and funny, and won a great following. In *The Everlasting Story of Nory* he has stood his achievement on his head; he has actually written from the point of view of a child. The result is pretty close to a disaster.

All the tension and irony that arose from fielding a hero who went out to work and earned money and yet seemed to be about nine years old inside is dissipated when the narrator really is nine years old. So Nory keeps her erasers in an ice-cube tray! So Nory loses her pencil case! So a bird shits on Nory's face! So Nory's



Baker... less than fabulous

little brother says dood for good! Without any plot or humour to bounce us along, it's hard to know what we are meant to get out of these tedious vignettes of school and family life.

If Nory's life was just played straight, as the narrator's life in *The Mezzanine* was, this would just be a dull book. But there is a veneer of cuteness that makes it almost unreadable. "Debbie was very smart and talented at a lot of things, including the piano. She was an all-around wonderful friend," thinks Nory, "she was a very sweet girl in many ways." Nory is a prissy little girl who thinks, when her father says Jesus Christ, "It was not good to take the Lord's name in vain." She makes up Pollyanna-like games.

This quaintly perfect personality means that Nory is the only girl in

her school to befriend a child who is being bullied, and because of that the teachers give her a "good result" for kindness. She is so obedient to social norms that she says grace at every meal, even though her parents are not religious. Not only is Nory good as gold, she is also oddly grown up in a particularly unattractive way.

The hero of *The Mezzanine* won our hearts by being part of a big corporation and yet being ditty as a child inside. Nory loses our sympathy because she is a little girl who thinks like a wage slave. "I love school," she thinks at the end of the book. "The best thing about school was that... there were so many hundreds of kids, and each kid was given quite a bit of responsibility. They were treated as if they were... adults pouring in to work at a factory, wearing a jacket and tie, with that level of independence."

For generations the child in literature has been celebrated as the irresponsible, anarchic figure who is trying to live an authentic life. From *Jane Eyre* to *The Portrait of the Artist*, children were sensual, naughty, vivid creatures who reminded us that authority was generally bad, who called to our inner desires to be free and individualistic. Now we have a child who speaks in a voice of which David Blunkett or Chris Woodhead would approve: a child whose idea of happiness is to work in a factory. So perhaps this novel, dull and dreary as it seems, is in fact a perceptive exploration of the place the child is now meant to occupy in our society.

## A Moravian Castle

by Miroslav Holub

And by night  
a ten-point star  
slinks through the corridors,  
searching for his head  
among the trophies.

as if a head could still belong  
to anybody

in this age  
of intestines.

From Miroslav Holub's new collection, *The Rampage*, published by Faber and Faber (£7.99).

## Audio Peter Kingston

**Junky**, by William S Burroughs  
(Penguin Audio, £8.99, 180min)  
The delivery of Burroughs' heroin addiction chronicles is reminiscent of an elderly priest struggling through a long litany and likely to pack up any second. But the tales are appallingly gripping, taking you through the junky's lexicon. One term, "lush-working," hasn't survived here. Burroughs used to hold up a newspaper to shield his partner fleeing supine drunks. Often "the fog," a robber with an uncanny nose,

pipped them to victims. "The fog was always first on a good lush..." is a line best left to Burroughs.

**Billy Bunter's Postal Order**, by Frank Richards (CSA Telftapes, £8.49, 180min)  
Different slang but same beast: addiction. The Fat Owl of Greyfriars is as remorseless as any junky in his quest for tuck. Martin Jarvis goeses himself on the vocal opportunities and the gloriously un-PC beatings and fatism. Yaroo!

## Book now Literary events

**Monday 11**

First novelists Kiran Desai, Lucinda Roy and Karin Cook appear at the Brighton Festival, Pavilion Theatre, New Road, Spm. Tickets: 01273 709709.

Beryl Bainbridge reads from her Crimean war novel *Master Georgie* at Waterstones, Islington, London N1, 7pm.

**Wednesday 12**

Radio 4 celebrates the life of John Wells, author and satirist (11.30am-12 noon).

**Thursday 14**

Simon Kuper, editor of *Perfect Pitch*, 2, Colin Shieler and Adrian Thrills are at Books etc in Covent Garden, London WC2, 6.30pm. Free tickets: 0171-379 6947.

**Upcoming**

The Hay Festival kicks off on 22 May, featuring Armistead Maupin and Muriel Spark. Details: 01487 821 299 or <http://www.litfest.co.uk>

Send details of forthcoming literary events to Carrie O'Grady at the Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3EP

# GRACE NOTES

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صحنه من الاعمال







Premiership: the fight for survival

# Everton trust in youth culture for a brighter future

Michael Walker on how a minor honour is of major significance in the quest for long-term success at Goodison Park

THE future's bright, the future's Everton. No, this is not a reference to some ironic graffiti daubed on the walls of Liverpool 4, nor is it a mistake. It is possibly the only time Evertonians will read it this weekend but, given their circumstances, not even the most blue of Blueses should be denied the opportunity to read it once.

There is even an element of truth in it. Everton may be peering down a long, dark tunnel with the signpost "Vicars Road and Edgeley Park this way" but there is a flickering light at the end: the Everton youth team.

On Thursday night at Goodison Park, Everton drew 2-2 with Blackburn Rovers (aggregate 5-3) in front of a crowd of more than 15,000 people to win the FA Youth Cup, their optimistic young men reminding those around them that not only the past is silver and gold.

The present is, and the future could be, too. There are

riders of course — if they all fulfil their potential, if they can be kept together, if they can avoid injuries — but half a dozen of Everton's team on Thursday have a serious chance of making it.

In youth terms that represents a bumper harvest and, though you will not hear anyone at Everton saying so, it is akin to Manchester United's Beckham, Scholes and Neville yield of three years ago. At Old Trafford that was the result of extensive planning, exhaustive selection and much hard work, and its success has turned it into a model for the rest. There cannot be a club in the country not running grandly titled centres of excellence or opening Academies — with a capital A.

Everton, as their youth coach and former manager Colin Harvey explained, are no different. It took them a while. Everton's academy is only a year old, but as Thursday showed there are already some graduates. Coincidence

and luck played their part but Harvey stressed the long hours of coaching and coaxing which few fans ever see.

"Getting to, and winning, the Youth Cup final is great," he said, "but when people see that, they are only seeing the tip of the iceberg. There is so much work going on underneath in terms of recruitment and watching more players."

Everton have increased their scouting and that has necessitated an expansion of their backroom staff, with Harvey returning after spells with Oldham and Burnley, Ray Hall named as director of youth development and several other appointments, including a physiotherapist.

"At the end of last season the club decided to change the coaching regime and set up the academy," said Harvey. "It was a policy decision. We have not copied Manchester United — this club has always tried to produce its own players — but when you see five or six of them playing for England you realise that should be the aim for every club, that is the ultimate. It still leaves room for buying the \$5 million player but when you bring lads through they have that loyalty, that feeling for the club."

Harvey did not add that growing your own saves money in the long run but it is fair to assume that the Everton chairman Peter Johnson will have taken particular pleasure in the performances of 16-year-old Francis Jeffers and 18-year-old Philip Jevons, both of whom were on Liverpool's books at one time.

Both have appeared on Everton's Premiership team sheets, too, indicative of the

building of a new stadium and consequently, as he peered around the protective police cordon on Thursday, Johnson will have taken particular pleasure in the performances of 16-year-old Francis Jeffers and 18-year-old Philip Jevons, both of whom were on Liverpool's books at one time.

Both have appeared on Everton's Premiership team sheets, too, indicative of the

Thursday were Adam Easton, an excellent left-back, and Jamie Milligan, a skilful midfielder. Harvey also has high hopes of Leon Osman for next season. It is too late for this one but if Everton do go down, it might be of some consolation to the fans that the long-term future is bright even if the immediate one is Bolton's. Then again, it might not.

Others to impress on



Everton's good side... celebrations are in order after the FA Youth Cup was secured on Thursday night

CHRIS THOMAS

## Football DIARY

Martin Thorpe

HEAVENS above, what next? A Wivenhoe vicar managed to get the locals in a bit of a flap last Sunday when he celebrated Arsenal's clinching of the championship by flying the Gunners' flag from the church tower.

But, while the Rev David Thomas, also a devout Arsenal fan, was in seventh heaven, one of his neighbours was on to the local council questioning the low level of standards at St Mary's. The neighbour was a Manchester United fan.

"The flag was all a bit of fun," said the rector, "a joke for the bank holiday. A friend of mine had the flag and several members of the community had joked with me about it. We had the key to the church and thought we would do it."

But according to a Wivenhoe councillor, Peter Hill: "Our Manchester United fan woke up in the morning to be greeted by the sight of the flag on the church tower and was quickly bending my ear about it. However, the rector is a well-known Arsenal fan."

In fact he has followed the team for more than 40 years. He has even been known to wear an Arsenal scarf under his robes after the team has won.

THE price of success for the Arsenal vice-chairman David Dein was to have the roof of his Porsche badly dented by celebrating fans who danced on the car as it stopped at traffic lights following Sunday's win. It about the only time Arsenal have been walked on all season.

ELTON JOHN has been abroad on tour for a successful season but the chairman has gone to extraordinary lengths to keep in touch with results. "I would phone my mother when we were playing away," he says, "and she would give me the latest news from the press. I would phone her back 10 minutes later for an update and that is how it would continue until near the end, when I would stay on the line until it was over." And the routine for home games? He merely phones the hospital broadband number and listens in. As for the size of the bill, we are talking telephone numbers.

THE end-of-season change of status for many clubs has prompted suggestions that they should change the name of their grounds to reflect their new circumstances. So Stoke would begin the new season at the Titanic Stadium, while Manchester City would play at Periphery Road, Everton at Badison Park, Barnsley at Accorwell, Palace at Selwarhurst Park, while on the positive side maybe Charlton should play at the Mountain and Sunderland at the Stadium of Light-heavy (from Andy Finer of Bristol).

IT WAS gloating time at Anfield as Liverpool entertained Arsenal on Wednesday. Before the game a huge banner was unfurled across the Kop: "Congratulations agent Johnson. Mission accomplished."

AS THE Diary's season comes to an end, a few cheers and a few moans. Can someone please inform Carling and Coca-Cola that playing loud music at games does not create an atmosphere. It used to be one of football's great moments when the teams came out at Wembley to a spine-tingling wall of noise from cheering fans. In the Coca-Cola Cup final that is now drowned out by pointless music and fireworks. It is not the real thing.

And when the final whistle went at Arsenal last Sunday, the fans' natural vocal expressions of joy were drowned out by endless renditions of We Are The Champions blasted over the PA system. As tacky as the giant blow-up pints of lager on the pitch for the presentation. Subtlety and style seem foreign to these trendy marketers.

But let us raise an end-of-season glass to the supporters of Everton and Manchester City: loyal in large numbers in bad times as well as good.

STEVENAGE have been awarded the Giant Killers Cup by Littlewoods for their FA Cup exploits. And yes, it will be presented to the chairman Victor Green and manager Paul Palmer on the pitch before the final and before the Toon Army.

AND finally, Ray Wilkins apparently did go to Harrods to ask why he was sacked, but Al Fayed claimed he didn't know him from Adams.

## Fish buoyant and intent on staying in the deep end

Roy Collins on the Bolton Wanderers central defender with an eye for goal who turns out at Stamford Bridge tomorrow where he will attempt to help the club retain their Premiership place

GIVEN some of the more comical final relegation moments in the Premiership in recent years, such as Alan Ball exhorting his Manchester City side to play keep-ball by the corner flag to preserve a 2-2 draw with Liverpool which took them down, it is perhaps fitting that tomorrow the last rites could be decided by a Fish called Wanderer.

Mark Fish could equally be known as the Bolton Wanderer, since the description of him by a former South Africa manager as the new Franz Beckenbauer has not prevented the defender from convincing himself that he is the new Gerd Müller. Fish, a 24-year-old South African, likes nothing better than abandoning the back line to fulfil his fantasy role as a striker.

Bolton's 5-2 win over Crystal Palace last Saturday, which preserved their hopes of staying up, was a case in point. Fish was one of the scorers in a cavalier performance which would have done little for the blood pressure of the manager Colin Todd, once an elegant defender who believed that

crossing the halfway line required a passport and who, against Palace, could have been delighted with a 1-0 win.

A similar scoreline against Chelsea at Stamford Bridge tomorrow will be enough to preserve Bolton's Premiership status and, with Barnsley and Palace already relegated, contradict football's gravitational law that what comes up from the First Division must surely go down the next year.

Todd, tearing a page from the Brian Clough book of management, will take his players into the West End tonight to what he hopes will be the performance of their lives.

If taking a self-confessed thirsty player called Fish out for a drink would appear to be tempting fate, there is something about him that inspires both fans and managers.

As a player his swashbuckling, long-legged style, breaking forward as confidently as Tony Adams if not yet Beckenbauer, has enchanted fans. As a man who eschewed his middle-class upbringing to become the rarest of all species in South Africa, a white man who has become an icon for

blacks, he has earned the utmost respect. He says: "I am not a child of apartheid," and could as well be talking of the segregation between Premiership and Nationwide as the former evil divide between races back home.

In South Africa supporters take fish on spikes to games to celebrate a man who has

of years ago he turned down Manchester United after failing to agree to an extended trial, and then arrived at Bolton via Lazio.

He says of the Premiership: "Defending is a lot more difficult because you cannot sit back like you can in Serie A. Attackers are at your throat all the time." And no one even mentioned Alan Shearer.

Fish's alma mater is Pretoria Boys' High School, where blinkers are almost part of the school uniform, to prevent pupils' sporting horizons extending beyond rugby and cricket.

Football then was regarded as a black man's sport and Fish says: "It was not approved for whites to play soccer. It was not a pleasant time for me and I was very annoyed when a former Pretoria High boy, Robbie Brink, who'd been called into the Springbok rugby team, was admitted as the first from the school to represent our country. By then I already had several caps."

Insensitive to the last, the school promised to acknowledge Fish if he donated money to a new library, an offer which he found surprisingly easy to refuse. And when they invited him back recently as a guest speaker, he gave them a two-word address over the phone.

Bolton, who signed Fish from Lazio for £2 million in September, have been annoyed only by his decision to miss games to join the South Africa team for both the Confederations Cup and the Africa Cup of Nations at the start of the year.

South Africa surprisingly lost the African final 2-0 to Egypt in March, having won the trophy in 1996 when Nelson Mandela was an honorary 12th man, just as he had been 18th man to the Springboks rugby union World Cup winning side the previous year.

"How important was Mandela to us?" Fish repeats the question. "On the Richter scale of eight, he was 20. He cheered us on at all the matches and beforehand, he was at our team hotel encouraging us."

Bolton fancy the job in hand tomorrow, having won five of their past nine Premiership matches after a 36-month run without a win.

Last Saturday's victory earned them a first win bonus since January as the players do not get them if the club are in the bottom three.

Fish says: "If we stay up I firmly believe we can finish mid-table or higher in the Premiership next season." First, though, Fish and his team-mates must offer final proof at Stamford Bridge tomorrow that they can swim in the Premiership waters.



Fish's line... 'It is not going to be easy whichever side Chelsea put out'

ROY BEARDSWORTH

1982.  
The year the Italian players were awarded the World Cup.

The Observer

Get a free reprinted Panini World Cup sticker album, with Observer match reports from the time when the playing matched the nation. Exclusively this Sunday.

## 'Play game' call to Chelsea

CHELSEA have been warned by the Premier League not to field a weakened team at Stamford Bridge tomorrow against Bolton, who need a win to stay in the Premiership and condemn Everton to the First Division.

Chelsea face VTB Stuttgart on Wednesday in the European Cup Winners' Cup final but a Premier League spokesman said clubs were obliged to play full-strength teams in all league matches. "Chelsea

have acknowledged this obligation and we expect the club to adhere to the rules," he said.

West Ham's chances of playing in Europe next season may depend on Arsenal Wenger and Kenny Dalglish fielding full-strength teams tomorrow. The Hammers must beat Leicester at Upton Park and hope that Aston Villa and Blackburn — who face Arsenal and Newcastle — lose.

The French striker Robert Pires claimed last night

that his agent and the chairman of Metz are to meet Wenger next week to discuss a possible move to Highbury.

The 24-year-old has turned down a final offer from his chairman to stay and is believed to be ready to decide between Marseille and Arsenal.

Bradford City yesterday confirmed Paul Jewell as their new manager but QPR parted company with their assistant manager John Hollins.

## United to free McClair after 11 years at Old Trafford

MANCHESTER United have released the former Scotland international Brian McClair, Alex Ferguson's first signing for the club, after 11 years at Old Trafford.

The 34-year-old, who had a £400,000 testimonial last season, will not have his contract renewed. He said: "I will try to find another club."

Meanwhile, Steve Claridge is to leave Wolves and join Portsmouth, six weeks after moving to Molineux for £400,000.

The Derby County manager

Jim Smith yesterday said that Darren Peacock will not be part of his plans. Smith said the Newcastle defender's demands were too steep.

The Liverpool midfielder Jamie Redknapp will miss tomorrow's final Premiership game of the season against Derby after failing to recover from a knee ligament injury.

Real Zaragoza are understood to have agreed terms with the Aston Villa striker Savo Milosevic, for whom they are prepared to pay the £4.5 million asking price.

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صكتا من الامل



# Rugby Union: Tetley's Bitter Cup Final

Robert Armstrong believes Saracens have the flair, experience and all-consuming desire to draw the sting of London rivals Wasps and thus bid a fitting farewell to two titans

## Lynagh and Sella primed for final flourish

**S**ARACENS intend bidding a triumphant farewell to Michael Lynagh and Philippe Sella when they make their last appearance at Twickenham today.

Francois Pienaar, the player-coach who has 12 months of his contract to run, has declared that "losing is not an option". In a domestic cup final that he admits has made him more anxious than the 1995 World Cup.

Lynagh, Sella and Pienaar recognise that the cup represents Saracens' best chance of silverware, given that the destiny of the Premiership remains in the hands of Newcastle who will take it if they win their last two games. The avowed intention is to give Lynagh and Sella a suitable send-off.

It remains to be seen whether Wasps, who have succumbed disappointingly in their three other finals, will buy into the one-sided scenario Saracens have in mind for their first Twickenham outing. Pienaar's emotional statement that he hopes to turn the occasion into a victory for his deceased friend, the former Springboks coach Kitch

open to doubt. Yet such is his ability to unhinge opponents with his shrewd distribution, tactical kicking and goalkicking, there was never any question of leaving him out. As Mark Evans, Saracens director of rugby, pointed out: "If you find yourself in a game that stands on a knife edge you only need one chance to score and — bingo — Michael will get you out of jail."

As for the 36-year-old Sella, his English may not have got beyond the schoolboy stage but his eloquence emerges in the heat of battle when he puts an opponent down with a razor-sharp tackle or suddenly pops up on a team-mate's shoulder to create that vital scoring link.

"What has impressed me most about Saracens is the courage and fraternity shown by every player," acknowledged this veteran of 111 international caps, who has a reputation for precisely those qualities with Agen, his previous club.

"In recent games we have not done ourselves justice, possibly injuries to certain players have been disruptive — but we've managed to keep on winning because the boys find fresh heart and passion whenever we fall behind. Each player supports the other 100 per cent — that is the mark of a truly formidable side."

Sella's extraordinary awareness of midfield space and clear running lines through heavy traffic could well give Saracens a significant advantage in the absence of the Wasps and England centre Nick Greenstock, who has a hamstring injury.

Indeed, the Frenchman's consistent and intelligent support for and off has allowed younger backs such as Steve Ravenscroft and the speedy Kiwi Brendon Daniel to blossom with hitherto unperceived touches of class.

"The important thing is one's mental outlook," explains Sella. "Saracens intend to enjoy what is a great day in exactly the same way we enjoy training with Francois and having a good talk together after every game. I believe enjoyment is the key to performing with positive instincts and precise skills."

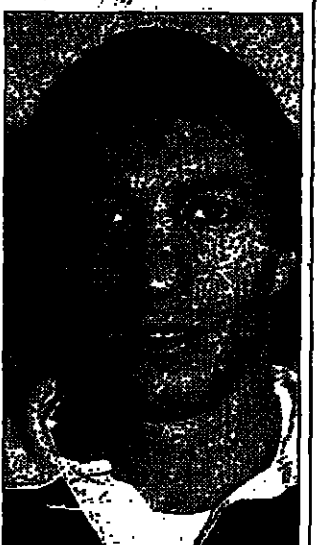
Like Saracens, Wasps have prepared for the final on the strength of a winning sequence in the Premiership, an upturn that makes Wasps favourites in the view of the Gloucester director of rugby, Richard Hill, whose team defeated Saracens last month.

"Three weeks ago there was only one team to win the cup, Saracens," said Hill. "But there has been a big turnaround. Wasps are the latest example of what the threat of relegation can do to a team. Still, if Lynagh and Pienaar are both fit that could make a big difference."

In fact, Pienaar's admission that he is no more than 80 to 90 per cent fit due to a hamstring tear is bound to encourage his young opposite number Paul Volley, who surprisingly has been preferred to the vastly experienced Ruster White. Eyebrows have also been raised by the omission of the opposing wings Paul Sampson of Wasps and Richard Wallace of Saracens, who are both on the bench.

Neutral opinion favours Saracens. According to Leicester's chief executive, Wheeler, who played in the 1980 final: "All the emotion attached to Lynagh's last match at Twickenham will, I think, tip the scales for Saracens." Stuart Barnes, who probably has more cup wins than any player under his belt, predicted: "It could be Saracens by a small margin. I take them to win whatever — they won't bottle it."

Such forecasts are meat and drink to the Wasps coaching staff who need hardly remind their players that they are regarded as also-rans. Under the astute leadership of the not-quite fit Lawrence Dallaglio, Wasps have sufficient potential to be effective party poopers. Saracens may have to battle to the last to ensure their big day does not go horribly wrong.



The eloquence emerges in the heat of battle when Sella puts his man down with a razor sharp tackle or pops up on a team-mate's shoulder to create that vital scoring link

Christie, has certainly given the first all-London final an unusual resonance.

Lynagh, of course, savoured his greatest triumph at Twickenham, orchestrating Australia's 1991 World Cup final victory over England. Far from taking the edge off his appetite, it has reminded the Saracens fly-half just how rare cup finals have been in a first-class career spanning 17 years and 72 Tests.

"The sudden-death aspect means that every option is a potentially dangerous gamble," explained Lynagh. "There is so little time to make up for a bad mistake that you don't think about it — you just keep making positive decisions and when you're presented with a scoring chance you must take it because it might be the only one you get."

The man who has kicked more than 250 points for Saracens this season has other, more melancholy, reasons for wanting to make the most of his golden hour. Last month he suffered a cancer scare that necessitated the removal of a cyst from his groin. Whether Lynagh, whose last taste of action was the drop goal that beat Newcastle last month, is up to speed must be



Modern crusade... Saracens' Foz Boys will be out in force at Twickenham today to cheer on their favourites as they try to match the club's marketing success PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID ROGERS

## Saracens winning their crusade

Ian Malin on the astonishing transformation at Watford that has seen Nigel Wray's revamped club triumph in the numbers game

**I**T WAS not an auspicious start. When Saracens crossed the threshold of their new Vicarage Road home on a sweltering afternoon in the middle of last August there was a lot more space in the stands than on the pitch.

And when a booming touch-down from the visiting Wasps full-back Jon Utton bounced into the directors' box the ball almost decapitated the mother of the Saracens owner Nigel Wray.

There were many in the domestic game who thought that Wray had lost his head. For at Watford they fondly remember the exploits of John Barnes but not Stuart Barnes. This corner of west Hertfordshire is not a stronghold of the oval ball, as evidenced by the Tannoy announcement of the world's leading points-scorer as "Michael Linn-ar".

Nine months on, Saracens are meeting Wasps again in what, at Watford parlance, could be called the first "Cockney cup final". And the Saracens, who take their name from the followers of the desert warriors of Saladin, have clearly taken their rugby crusade seriously.

At Twickenham this afternoon Saracens expect to have around 15,000 supporters, more than their once less-than-friendly local rivals. Last month the Vicarage Road crowd of 19,700 for the home league game against Newcastle was the highest for an English league match. Ear-

lier in April only 3,589 watched Wasps win their semi-final against Sale at Loftus Road.

To some extent the fortunes of today's finalists have mirrored the fortunes of the clubs whose grounds they now share. While Watford football club have won the Second Division in some style, Queens Park Rangers have fought an attritional battle against relegation from the First all season. Saracens have been winning. Wasps have been maddeningly inconsistent.

Even so Watford's biggest football crowd this season — 18,600 for the visit of Sheffield United — has fallen short of Saracens', a remarkable statistic considering that before Wray's £2 million investment 2½ years ago Saracens were watched by crowds on their council-owned recreation ground in Southgate that barely touched four figures.

While it would be an exaggeration to say that Saracens are the subject of countless conversations in the saloon bars of St Albans or the golf clubs of South Oxley, Wray's side are unmistakable from the club that used to play at the northern end of the Piccadilly Line and where once another touch-finder bounced into the main road by that recreation ground and on to the luggage rack of an old London bus which drove off without any of the passengers noticing the ball's presence.

Last summer's move to Watford coincided with the arrival of Peter Deakin as

years Deakin had marketed Bradford Bulls, last summer's winners of rugby league's Super League. Deakin had not found it difficult to challenge the duopoly of Wigan and St Helens. Now it was time to prove that Bath and Leicester were not the only clubs that mattered down South.

Wray's new club had picked up supporters at Enfield, their home last season where gates rose from 1,500 to 4,000 12 months ago. Many of those new supporters were attracted by the glamorous signings like Michael Lynagh and Francois Pienaar. But Wray recognised that 4,000 in the 22,000 capacity Vicarage Road might give his bank manager agoraphobia.

Deakin said: "Nigel came to watch the Bulls play Featherstone's last summer. There were 16,500 at that game and he said he wanted to replicate what we had there at Watford, the colour, the noise, the atmosphere, the emphasis on families."

"People up north said I was mad to leave Bradford. What do you want to go there for, where crowds are 1,800 and 16,000 are watching us," he said. But I saw it as a challenge. The club has a fabulous heritage, fabulous players and now a fine stadium.

"I had to put in place a few fundamentals. And we've now got our community programme which is our cutting edge. It was important to raise our profile and put ourselves in front of kids seven

days a week, 52 weeks of the year."

Tim Lawler, a former development officer with the Rugby Football Union and scrum-half for Eastern Counties, is in charge of that community programme. "We had a new home and needed to put down roots," he said.

"Also we had to be accessible. In soccer local children may have little chance of meeting Alan Shearer. Here they can meet Francois Pienaar, Michael Lynagh or Richard Hill all the time. Since last August 5,000 youngsters have come here and we've visited 50 rugby clubs."

Underpinning the community programme is the cash-back scheme. This season 147 schools, rugby clubs and other organisations have taken blocks of tickets for home games. They sell them at the face value, £10, the organisations receive 50 per cent of that figure, which, after Vat, is £4.75 a ticket. Since December 285,000 has gone to schools and clubs across the county.

"We're not looking for the next Michael Lynagh, we're looking for the next 100,000," says Lawler. "The cash-back scheme has underpinned everything. In the past, schools may have been sent tickets but here the players visit schools and they are used as role models. They talk about road safety and healthy lifestyles."

"And we have 'chalk-and-talk sessions', where rugby is used as an educational tool. We talk about Western Samoa and it leads us on to a geography lesson or the children learn maths by comparing the heights and weights of Tony Copsey or Kyran Bracken."

Deakin adds: "My main concern is to use this final as the springboard for the next 10 years. There is an incredible amount of passive support for rugby in London, not necessarily a tribal support but a general interest in the game and our priority market has been kids who bring their parents with them."

So now there are posters of Saracens as well as Manchester United on the bedroom walls of 10-year-olds across Hertfordshire. And the Tannoy man has long been pronouncing it "Michael Lie-narr". After all, the announcer has had plenty of practice.

### Twickenham teams

Saracens substitutes	Wasps substitutes	Referee
Olson	Sampson	C White (Cheltenham)
Lee	Dunston	
Singer	Leach	Kick-off, 3pm
R Wallace	Black	Live on Sky Sports 2
Oliver	Reed	
Bottomman	White	
Bennett		

### Scottish Cup final

#### Hawks eye a dream finish

**G**LASGOW Hawks will look to their full-back Glenn Metcalfe to cap a remarkable season for the Second Division champions when they contest today's Tennents Velvet Cup final against Kelso.

A first Scotland cap beckons for the 26-year-old New Zealander, who will return to the southern hemisphere later this month in the touring party to Fiji and Australia. But he must first help the Hawks overcome Adam Roxburgh's Border team.

After comfortably defeating three Premiership One teams en route to the final, the Glasgow team will start firm favourites, but Metcalfe is

wary of raising expectations. "We have scored some nice tries this season and won games well, but it is a totally different ball game," said the former Waikato player.

"This will be the biggest game I have played at club level for the Hawks, and it will be a huge day for everyone concerned." Not least, he admits, because of the impending departure of seven of the Hawks side, plus three of Kelso, to the two new "super districts" next season.

Kelso, who face a play-off against Heriot's FP next week for a berth in the top flight, will enjoy the support at Murrayfield of most of the Border town.

### The battleground



#### Michael Lynagh v Alex King

MICHAEL Lynagh's final game on the grand stage where he helped Australia win the 1991 World Cup will be a test of nerves for this remarkably cool customer. The leading international points scorer of all time, the Queenslander has everything, an attacking runner, excellent decision-maker and peerless kicker from hand and ground. Lynagh has scored 592 points in two seasons for Saracens, at an average of 13 points a game, a hard act for the Frenchman Alain Penaud to follow. The only thing counting against him is the operation to remove a benign growth two weeks ago that has left him short of match practice. Alex King is still the pretender to the English No. 10 crown. A rare commodity in the Premiership, an English fly-half of precocious talent. But his season has been ravaged by injury. The Test against Australia last autumn was to have been his debut before he pulled out and he may not receive enough clean ball.



#### Roberto Grau v Will Green

The Argentinian loose-head Roberto Grau is a powerful scrum-monger who has come to Vicarage Road to add some Pampas beef to the Saracens front five after a spell in South Africa. Strikes against the head will be a rare commodity for Wasps as Saracens also have the awkward low-scrummaging Paul Wallace in their front row. But the return of Will Green has been a tonic for the revitalised champions in the last month. Green may have feared he was going to be a "one-cap wonder" after a torrid afternoon in his England debut against the Australian Richard Harry last November was followed by a back injury. But he gave Northampton's mighty Garry Pagel his most uncomfortable afternoon since the Springbok came to England last year when the sides met at Loftus Road a fortnight ago. The front row may be a difficult area for Wasps to gain party and much will rest on the wide shoulders of Green this afternoon.



#### Tony Diprose v Lawrence Dallaglio

TONY DIPROSE's schoolboyish looks and easy-going manner are just a front. Once this Clark Kent of the oval ball pops into that telephone box he is transformed into an ultra-competitive No. 8 who is seemingly unfazed by the demands of a never-ending season. The Saracens captain is a prodigious back of the line-out jumper and has hands like fly-paper. The athletic Diprose, a certainty to tour with England this summer, is up against the afternoon's other captain Lawrence Dallaglio who wants a summer off. Dallaglio also has the burden of nursing two inexperienced flankers in Joe Worsley and Paul Volley through the match while playing in his least-favourite position in the back row. Unlike Diprose, Dallaglio has also been hampered by injury. The England captain is one of only two Wasps who played in their cup final defeat three years ago and the team's youth may count against them this afternoon.

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID ROGERS



# 22 SPORTS NEWS

## Racing

Tony Paley expects Luca Cumani's improving colt to retain his unbeaten record in the Lingfield Derby Trial

# High-Rise can come out on top

THE Coloroll Derby Trial at Lingfield today is an intriguing contest but offers punters a classic conundrum - whether to stick with the runner with proven form or go for the one with untapped potential.

Barry Hills, who won the Dee Stakes with Prolux at Chester on Thursday, thinks Prolux's contemporary, Alboostan, is his best bet. The year-old and the form of the latter's class second to subsequent 2,000 Guineas third Border Arrow at Newmarket last time, looks smart.

High-Rise, on the other hand, has won his only two races, most recently a slow-run minor event at Pontefract, with ease and has always been rated a top-class prospect at home.

With slight doubts about Alboostan on breeding at this higher trip, Luca Cumani's High-Rise (4.10), who reportedly runs here instead of the Dante Stakes at York next week as Frankie Dettori is available to ride, gets a narrow vote.

Henry Cecil's Sadian, who has been given as big a chance of big-race success as any other three-year-old in his yard, is certainly not out of it either and is unbeaten in two outings.

Hills may have better luck with Bristol Channel (4.40) in the Pavane Home Oaks Trial. A daughter of the Derby winner Generous, she is bred to be well suited by this sort of trip and can make up for her disappointing display when dropped down in distance at Newbury in October.

With the ground firming up at Lingfield it usually pays to follow the high numbers on the straight course.

The five-furlong race yesterday at the track was won by the horse drawn 19 of 19 and with that in mind Sar-



Double top... Double March leads them home in the Colwick Park Apprentice Handicap at Nottingham yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: GEORGE SHELTON

veyor (3.10), who it is hoped will graduate into Group company eventually, is ideally placed in the devilish difficult Tote Sprint Handicap.

Today's National Hunt meetings offer more punter-friendly fare than the flat fixtures which look decidedly trappy. Tishba Talk (5.00), having too much speed for his rivals in the Suckley Novice Chase.

cellent race behind Blowing Wind from out of the handicap at the Cheltenham Festival and has since advertised his well-being with a good run on the Flat at Hamilton (4.45), a fine second to Paperize at Ayr's Scottish National meeting, should have too much speed for his rivals in the Suckley Novice Chase.

## New racetrack planned east of London

PLANS for a new racecourse to the east of London could be unveiled within the next month, writes Tony Paley.

Graham Parr, chief executive of Arena Leisure, owners of Lingfield and Poolestone, said that his company is close to securing a site north of the

Thames and close to the M25. Parr added that while proposals are very much in their infancy, he hopes the new track will provide both all-weather and turf racing.

He said: "We are looking to put in a course that will best serve racing in the future, particularly in getting the in-

terest in all-weather racing to improve."

Though not prepared to disclose the exact location, nor details of the likely costs involved, Parr hinted: "It's not far from the Dartford Tunnel and the Queen Elizabeth Bridge and it's very near the M25."

## HORSE SENSE

Written by those in the know

THE connections of at least one horse are going to be pretty disappointed after today's Lingfield Derby Trial if the noises emanating from the camps of both High-Rise and Alboostan are to be believed.

The Luca Cumani-trained High-Rise has been the subject of glowing work reports over the winter. He won comfortably at Pontefract on his seasonal reappearance and again impressed watchers on the Newmarket gallops last week when ridden by Frankie Dettori.

Alboostan has also been sparkling at home since his fine second to Border Arrow at Newmarket's Craven meeting and those close to the horse are similarly bullish. Both horses have been backed at fancy prices for the Derby in the last few days and whatever the fate today, should continue to pay their way.

**Fancied**  
The race for two-year-olds on 2,000 Guineas day at Newmarket last Saturday invariably features one or two well-placed outsiders, but things didn't go to plan for a couple of fancied participants.

Everyone saw the favourite Red Sea part with his jockey on television as the stalls opened, but in a less well-publicised incident the Michael Bell-trained Hoh Steamer was badly baulked at the start.

He couldn't recover from the interference and finished seventh, but is considered to be high in the pecking order of the year's juveniles and is being sent on a quick recovery mission to Beverley (4.20) tomorrow.

Also fancied to put up a bold show tomorrow is Roger Charlton's Gallingal. The Beckhampton-based trainer has made a slow start to the season and many of his horses have

needed the run first time, so the market will be a good guide to the chances of this one at Bath (3.00).

The latest entries for Royal Ascot released on Thursday backed up the good reports we have been hearing about a trio of unraced three-year-olds, Dark Shell, Royal Anthem and Beleguine, who have been catching the eye on the Newmarket gallops.

**Unraced entries**  
Michael Stoute's Dark Shell, who still figures among those left in the Derby, is in the King Edward VII Stakes at Ascot, one of only three unraced British-based colts among the 91 horses entered.

Royal Anthem, from the Henry Cecil stable, is also among the unraced entries. He is coming to hand and is regarded as one of the best long-term prospects at the Ribblesdale Stakes at the Royal meeting.

The Cecil four-year-old Igreja is an intriguing prospect who is due to follow the same path as London News, which came over from South Africa to run at Royal Ascot last year. She has been showing up well in her new surroundings of late.

**Profitable**  
We brought Pa-Eg, the winner of last Sunday's Hastings Stakes at Newmarket, to your attention in last week's Horse Sense column. That race should throw up a handful of winners in the coming weeks and outside the obvious candidates in the first five home the most profitable to follow may prove to be the ninth-placed Prevallence. He has now qualified for handicaps.

**Saturday special**  
CARBON (8.10 Lingfield)

## Lingfield Jackpot card

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
2.10	Scorpion Orchid
2.40	Wind Venture
3.10	Surveys
3.40	Red Channel
4.10	High Rise
4.40	Alboostan

Straggle 7140yds course with left-hand loop of about 15m attached, providing 4f run-in. Sharp turn with straight into straight. Banking Good. 5f Donkeys Blinks. Draw: High numbers best in sprints. Long distance travellers: Tringer Happy (3.40) M Johnston, Yorkshire, 270 miles. Seven days performance: Netherland (3.40) M Johnston, Yorkshire, 270 miles. Blundered first time: 2.40 Netherland, Windsor, 200 miles. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

## TESTERS OF ENDURANCE MAIDEN STAKES

2.10	TESTERS OF ENDURANCE MAIDEN STAKES
10.10	05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221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The price is wrong... Spencer Oliver collapses after being knocked out by Sergei Devakov at the Royal Albert Hall.

PHOTOGRAPH: JON BUCKLE

# The boxing show still goes on despite deep damage

John Rawling on how medical skill saved the day again last week and new initiatives to minimise the risks

**T**ONIGHT Sky will televise boxing from Sheffield. After a week of introspection, self-doubt, criticism and analysis, and a declaration by the Sports Minister Tony Banks that the sport will not be banned in the foreseeable future, it is business as usual.

Spencer Oliver's rapid recovery from emergency surgery to remove a blood clot from his brain, after losing a European super-bantamweight title fight to Sergei Devakov of Ukraine last Saturday, is remarkable. It is being hailed as a triumph for the medical teams involved and a tribute to the safety procedures set up by the British Boxing Board of Control.

But the cold fact is that Oliver's injury is the third involving a boxer in a British ring within 10 months which has required neurosurgery, and the British Boxing Board of Control is to seek fresh advice from an independent panel of advisers to assess a worrying trend.

Peter Richards, a consultant at the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford, heads the panel and will present his views. He believes dehydration and excessive weight loss to be behind many of the problems faced by fighters.

"I would love to see the whole concept of the weigh-in done away with. But promoters like the show on the scales and fighters love to come in right on the limit. And many are dehydrating to fight at lower weights than they should," he said.

The weigh-in for championship contests has to be staged

a minimum of 24 hours before the fight. Richards suggests two alternatives: "Perhaps the weigh-in should be seven days earlier, allowing fighters time to fully hydrate their bodies. Then, a second weigh-in could take place after the fight. Something must be done to check on those who cheat in their preparations."

Laxatives, diuretics, saunas and starvation diets are all used by some fighters who need to shed excess pounds in a hurry. Two weeks ago Joe Calzaghe retired for half an hour to a sauna to drain fluid from his body after initially weighing in over the 12 stones limit for his World Boxing Organisation super-middleweight title defence against Juan Carlos Gimenez in Cardiff, a fight he ultimately won when the Paraguayan retired in the ninth round and was later found to have four cracked ribs.

"Rushing out and sweating off weight is just plain daft, and dangerous," says Richards, "and the use of diuretics has to be stamped out. Anybody caught taking them should be banned."

Richards witnessed at first hand the extent of the damage which can be caused. In 1982 he operated on the Nigerian Young Ali after he had been knocked out by Barry McGuigan. Four years later Steve Watt was on his operating table after losing a fight against Rocky Kelly. Ali and Watt subsequently died.

Yet Richards is no abolitionist. "The medical argument to ban boxing is rubbish. Motor sports, rock climbing, even marathon running are all more dangerous

according to statistics. You cannot stop people taking part in dangerous sports; it is human nature."

A professional involvement with a wide range of activities, including motor sports and football, leaves Richards in no doubt over boxing's safety in trying to make the sport safer.

"They are the most concerned administrators I have ever met. In terms of caring they are absolutely the tops. But good medical care is expensive and at grassroots level I hear muttering about the costs."

Oliver himself confessed to having had difficulties in making the set 10lb super-bantamweight limit before last Saturday's contest. It is

not unusual for a fighter to attempt to shed lots of weight in the weeks before a contest.

McGuigan, World Boxing Council featherweight champion between 1985 and 1986 and now president of the Professional Boxers' Association, admits to regularly reducing weight by more than a stone for contests during his fighting days but he now supports the board's pleas for fighters and trainers to monitor weight fluctuations more closely.

"Guys are fitter than ever now, they're pushing themselves harder and beyond the

boundary of what their bodies can take," he said.

Morris proposes the setting up of a computer database to check regularly on fighters' weights, so those who vary dramatically or rely on rapidly shedding pounds over a short time might be stopped from taking part in fights.

Morris, 58, who has been involved in boxing as a journalist and administrator for more than 45 years, is concerned about the proliferation of weight divisions and governing bodies, arguing that fighters are being pushed towards championship contests too soon.

The promoter Frank Maloney, who helped stage Oliver's Royal Albert Hall appearance, confesses that he has propelled young fighters too quickly in pursuit of titles. "We're guilty of putting pressure on kids to make weight to make money, and guilty of neglecting the fighters' apprenticeships. But the media and the television want superstars," said Maloney.

Nevertheless, Morris remains optimistic: "Unfortunately this is nothing new and injuries have always happened in boxing. They are always damaging for the sport and the more high profile the person involved, the worse it is. But boxing will survive. It will still be here in 10 years and longer."

Next week Oliver is likely to be released from hospital to continue his recovery and rehabilitation to a world where boxing can no longer be his life. Ten years ago, without paramedics at ringside and modern surgical skills, he might not have had the chance.

## Three tales of survival

**June 7 1997** Chris Henry (near right) collapsed after being stopped by Dominic Negus in the 10th round of a southern area cruiserweight title fight in Cheshunt. Undergoes brain surgery in Romford.

**October 11 1997** Carl Wright collapses while being driven home after losing a British light-welterweight title fight on points to Mark Winter. Rushed to hospital in Liverpool by trainer and recovers fully after removal of blood clot.

**May 2 1998** Spencer Oliver undergoes brain surgery after losing the European super-bantamweight title fight against Sergei Devakov of the Ukraine in the fourth defence of his title. Oliver is knocked out in the 10th round, and collapses in the ring. He undergoes brain surgery and regains consciousness 80 hours later. Doctors confident of a full recovery.



## Cycling

# Tour winner who carries a heavy burden

William Fotheringham

**I**T IS make or break time for the Tour de France winner Jan Ullrich. After a disastrous spring, during which he was mocked by the media and took a pasting in virtually every race he rode, the German has gone into hiding at his home in the Black Forest in an attempt to find form.

Ullrich will cover 1,100km next week under the supervision of Peter Becker, his trainer since childhood and the man who built the East German cycling system. It is, say his team, a crucial phase of his build-up.

With just over two months until this year's Tour de France starts in Dublin, the 24-year-old is overweight, under-raced, and his chances of winning the event for a

second year running are in jeopardy.

The Tour winner's most recent outing, in the Grand Prix of Frankfurt on May 1, gave grounds for cautious optimism as, at last, he was able to hold on to the front runners. Crucially, given the spotlight the German media have placed on him, he did not make a spectacle of himself before a home crowd in his country's biggest race.

The days when a Tour winner was expected to win all year round ended with the retirement of the five-times champion Bernard Hinault in 1986. Tour contenders race selectively, building their fitness through the spring to peak in late June, and aim to hold their form for six weeks at most. This is what Ullrich did last year.

This spring, however, his

build-up has been appalling. He has failed to start races which he rode last year, failed to finish the toughest events on his schedule and has spent much of those races which he has finished as last man on the road. In March he reached rock bottom in the Tirreno-Adriatico stage race in Italy, when he stopped after 22 miles before even reaching the first hill.

After finishing last year's Tour weighing 78 kilograms (11st 6lb), he did too little, ate too much and ballooned to 85kg at Christmas. Now he is a more respectable 78kg but he needs to lose about a kilogram per fortnight to start the Tour on July 11 at the correct weight. "It's possible, but only just," says his team manager Rudy Pevenage.

Ullrich's weight gain meant that when he began racing in

February he was forcing his body to work too hard, simply in order to haul himself over the hills. This meant he had difficulty recovering between races and became tired and vulnerable to illness.

Embonpoint is only one of Ullrich's problems. A rider's performance in the Tour depends on the number of kilometres he has spent in the saddle, how much racing he has in his legs, as the jargon has it.

Ullrich has missed so many races — he has completed two-thirds of the kilometres he did last spring — that he may not have the basic endurance to perform in the Tour. Last year, after a perfect spring, he struggled in the final few hilly stages.

Ullrich's team agree with his critics that he cannot afford to be troubled by another

problem which will cause him to miss any more races. "If he has just a cold, or anything which puts him out for a couple of weeks, we'll be really worried," said Pevenage.

The German media, so quick to rush to the Tour last year to hype up their new hero, have fallen on Ullrich as they fell on Boris Becker in his lean years. A radio show commented that the German people wanted to know about two pairs of buttocks: those of Ullrich, and Claudia Schiffer. "They are bastards," said Pevenage.

In France, where they like their Tour winners at least to race respectfully, there has been undisguised fury in the cycling establishment. The newspaper L'Equipe — which sponsors the race — ran a picture of Ullrich, flat and all, on

its front page with the comment "unworthy of his stature".

The Tour organiser Jean-Marie Leblanc said: "His conduct is unworthy of a Tour winner. It's unforgivable."

The world No. 1 Laurent Jalabert said it was "pitiful" to see Ullrich struggling and the double Tour winner Laurent Fignon accused him of "professional misconduct".

"He has only himself to blame if he put on so much weight," said last year's runner-up Richard Virenque, presumably trying hard not to smile. Ullrich has apparently worked that out as well.

"He will be more careful in future," he has learned his lesson," Pevenage says grimly. If he fails to win a second Tour, the lesson will be expensive indeed.

# Little chance on the shorts circuit

## THIS SPORTING LIFE

Harry Pearson

**"I**T IS inevitable," my friend Tim says. "It is coming as surely as the cry of 'get in the hole!' whenever a golfer makes an important putt: soon cricketers will be fielding in shorts."

John and I might be tempted to say "So what?" but we know the answer all too well: Englishmen never do well in any sport which requires them to bare their legs in warm weather.

"Take tennis," Tim would say. "The minute long flannel trousers went out we'd had it. No wonder we don't stand a chance in the Tour de France. Look at the international football tournaments!"

Tim is adamant about the enervating effect sunlight dappling the lower limbs has on our athletes. He is the only person I know who attributes England's semi-final appearance at Italia 90 and Euro 96 to the return of baggy, knee-length shorts.

To prevent such an outburst John and I say nothing. Like preventing a skateboarding Ernie Els from rolling down a hill, arresting Tim's momentum is beyond the powers of just two men.

"Yes," Tim says, "shorts will surely be brought in as part of the latest ECB campaign to make cricket sexier. Though how the sight of a pale English shin could be considered sexy is beyond me."

"Well it wouldn't be pale for long, would it?" John says. "After a month or two in the field it would be tanned."

"Indeed," Tim says, "and what possible benefit could accrue from that? Englishmen's legs are not supposed to be tanned. They are supposed to be pale. If a true and trusty son of Albion such as FBH May had ever strode on to The Oval outfield in short trousers within 30 seconds his knees would have been pecked into oblivion by hungry blue-tits."

"This," Tim replies, "from a man who donates money to every nationalist-separatist group in Europe on the grounds that, whenever a country such as Yugoslavia or Czechoslovakia fragments, it increases Glenn Hoddle's chances of piloting England to a first-ever European Championship triumph."

"I don't do it for that reason," John says. "I do it from a sense of justice."

"Which," Tim says, "is why your reaction to the news of the escape of Marc Dutroux was to walk into this pub punching the air and yelling 'Yeeessss! Belgium's next! Correct!'"

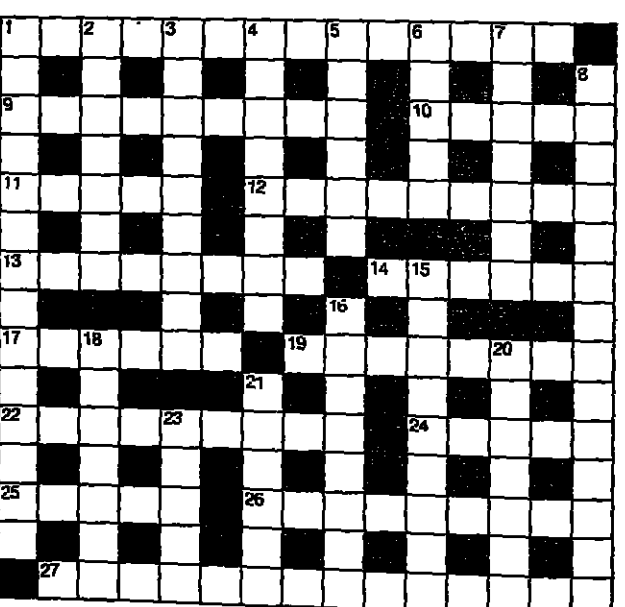
John adopts the sheepish look of someone who has just used the phrase "bitten off more than you can chew" in front of Kevin Yates. "Got to go to the toilet," he mumbles.

## Guardian COLLINS Prize Crossword No 21,270

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn.

Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 14641, London, EC1R 3JX, or Fax to 0171 713 4735 by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday May 18.

Name  
Address



Set by Fawley

### Across

- 1 Give far too much emphasis to inflation? (14)
- 2 Drum accompaniment to rumba, awfully popular (9)
- 3 Regret loss of second vase (5)
- 4 A couple of seconds to invade enemy trench? (5)
- 5 Hamanum once more groined out (4-5)
- 6 I rest soundly, given a bit of scope (5)
- 7 See 5
- 8 At most, I shall need replacement for the old organist (6,6)
- 9 One continuously uses power to make cuts... (8)
- 10 ... usually subject to current trends? (2,3,4)
- 11 Crude container sent overseas (5)
- 12 Monarch's knocked back some beer (5)
- 13 Refuse to secede on environmental polluter (5)
- 14 Subject to bank's analysis? It's said to be restrained (14)

### Down

- 1 Unexpectedly lacking area of expertise about port (3,2,4,5)
- 2 All at once, means to transform Kent area (2,5)
- 3 Arcane items revealed as coterie disperses (8)
- 4 Constituent of breeze block, or another part of a wall? (3-5)
- 5 14 Showing merkle, beds dancing partner (6,6)
- 6 Start of act as reported by the police? (5)
- 7 The curate's second egg tempered with in religious murder cases (7)
- 8 Elected individual broadcast correctly, through personal effort (2,4,3-5)
- 9 OE lingo translated to accommodate church in previous era (9)
- 10 Drink, fashionable, served during cha-cha (5,3)
- 11 A figure of eight (7)
- 12 That may be worked out, or thoroughly mixed up (7)
- 13 See 17
- 14 Jane may entertain one in high-rise dwelling (5)

### CROSSWORD SOLUTION 21,269

ACROSS  
1. UNEXPECTEDLY LACKING AREA OF EXPERTISE ABOUT PORT (3,2,4,5)  
2. ALL AT ONCE, MEANS TO TRANSFORM KENT AREA (2,5)  
3. ARCAIC ITEMS REVEALED AS COTERIE DISPERSES (8)  
4. CONSTITUENT OF BREEZE BLOCK, OR ANOTHER PART OF A WALL? (3-5)  
5. 14 SHOWING MERKLE, BEDS DANCING PARTNER (6,6)  
6. START OF ACT AS REPORTED BY THE POLICE? (5)  
7. THE CURATE'S SECOND EGG TEMPERED WITH IN RELIGIOUS MURDER CASES (7)  
8. ELECTED INDIVIDUAL BROADCAST CORRECTLY, THROUGH PERSONAL EFFORT (2,4,3-5)  
9. OE LINGO TRANSLATED TO ACCOMMODATE CHURCH IN PREVIOUS ERA (9)  
10. DRINK, FASHIONABLE, SERVED DURING CHA-CHA (5,3)  
11. A FIGURE OF EIGHT (7)  
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